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S. ALLEN COUNTER

HOME: Cambridge, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Professor, neurobiologist

HOBBIES: Jungle exploration, film making, archery.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Origin of Species" by Charles Darwin

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: While continuing neurobiological research in the South American jungle, he discovered a little known Bush Afro American tribe, the first black slaves in the Americas to gain independence.

QUOTE: "I am thrilled that my research and films have enabled me to contribute to the enlightenment of American culture. Only by being aware of our past can we deal with the present and future."

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Letters

The Sound and The Fury

Ennoblement for Kemp

Asa Kresen ("Jack Kemp's Boasting Run to the Right," October 24) gives us a nice line when he says, "If you tax something, you get less of it. If you subsidize something you get more of it. In America, we tax work, growth, investment, employment, savings, and productivity. We subsidize idleness, consumption, welfare, and debt."

Seldom do we get such clear, concise thinking from our politicians. Should our culture collapse, future historians will most surely note that our downfall was not in the pursuit of capitalism and its material rewards but rather in our inability to graciously accept these rewards.

Brad W. Bronger
New York, N.Y.

Marion Tolshen's profile of Congress-our Jack Kemp is one of the best of times I've read this year. Its accuracy is especially high, except on one small point. Tolshen quotes an unnamed source as having reported that I once brazenly compared Jack favorably to Jesus Christ. That is incorrect. I once compared Jack favorably to Alexander the Great and unfavorably to Sonny Barger, but that's all.

Rede Wernicke
Middletown, N.J.

And Praise for Esquire

Mary Murphy's piece on Jerry Falwell ("The Most Bitchy Graham," October 30) was the predictable put-down of the Reverend Falwell, formerly television shik Falwell. What she achieved was a simple rehashing that "right-wing" people like Mary Murphy can never follow the likes of Jerry Falwell—or, more important, those millions of Americans who believe that Falwell's life and ministry are beneficial, not harmful.

My theology and politics are different from Falwell's, but that doesn't keep me from believing that he and others—like Billy Graham—make a positive contribution to the lives of millions across this country, whatever the limitations of their political convictions or biblical knowledge.

George Manovich
San Diego, Calif.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Esquire, 485 Madison Ave., N.Y. N.Y. 10022



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THE NEW DINERS



Politics

by Richard Reeves

The Politics of Cynicism

Most voters don't feel that way, so why should they have to listen to it?

From Atlanta to Seattle, the politics isn't terrific. Northing, including no, worried very much about winning America's next big governor, Hugh Carey of New York and Jerry Brown of California practice district-by-district appeals on three-member Republican appellate courts. And what he has admitted about Perry Darnes. Carey said he respects Carey for admitting that he has lost. Carey admitted Three thousand sides away, Brown was modeling Eric Younger to a far over some national differences on economic growth and then later telling reporters that he just wanted to generate enough value to convince to push Black more in the path. It

I assume the government
don't like being called cynics
I am not as full don't. Not
only because of the word's
derivation—from the Greek
κυνική, like a dog—but be-
cause of the implications of
hopelessness, the passivity of
apathy. How do people
know I am not a skeptic, a realist, or just
disillusioned cynicism?

I hate cynicism and dislike its current champions: politicians who go with the flow; anyone, self-proclaimed, that a man or a woman can't make a difference; people who don't do anything to help anyone in sight. Robert Ringer and Michele Keene, who warn that you'd better do the best anyone does it to you, neo-conservatives, lawyers, and John Deere in American suburbs, for selling out first to money, then to friends.

However, Elvise Nicholas von Hoffman who is probably the most cynical contemporary prose writer of my trade. Von Hoffmann has a new book out, *Wilde Zeiten*. Paradise: wonderful warty brilliant—

Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Esquire* magazine.



"In the eyes of most, present arrangements are minimally satisfactory if not outright splendid. We may feel that by too much government involvement, accepted, and cheered by our basic institutions of society, but on balance, people don't think there's any alternative. They do not cherish a dream of another, different America. The American Dream now is of an ideal so past. Our grandiosest dream is of a bigger, better, better, a more perfect nation. We have manifested our hopes and dreams only in a desire that is as good as the next."

Interesting, indeed, but, perhaps, out-of-date. Van Hoffman traces the loss of America's political faith—using voter-turnout figures—back to Wilson and America's entry into World War I five months after Wilson was nicknamed gliding to keep us out. But political disenchantment, I think, is only part of a national story. The book "de-

tion, but very popular and I am I thought about the book and traveled around with Corry and Brown quite willing about the United States in 1970.

"Within a century or less," said Hadwin, "there will be a true universal language. The new human, his brain developed, fabricated and is now being anticipated. Whether he is free to choose or not, or family, this is the deplorable human in the disposal of his genetic nature because. The newest and most advanced model comes in any color and either gray or blue. Their jobs are tedious but they are loved. This will make your eyes closed in a life that is hard work, gray and blue. You will see the machine and the perfection of your new psychology. People are called to greatness, but all can learn to deal with it, to relate to it, to master it, to work with it, to be free."

lance" compare they of the 1960s seems to act to be coming out, finally but uneasily, in the larger society today—once if that struggle is largely outside political arenas. People hardly seem hopeful they are trying to change almost anything about the way things they produce, consume, and rely on to one another and the economy. Howard Jarvis, Ralph Nader, Gloria Steinem, book lords sitting in at lunch counters—they were just people out there when they began, but they made a difference. The difference was that they were people who did not do it because. The plan, I suppose, is half fail or half empty. My pessimism on that may be affected by the fact that I've from a city where people thought (and if they started seeing T-shirts with big apples on their hearts, they would shout about it) that the planet would make a difference—and it did not.

Is the Consumer Kaput?

If he loses his nerve, watch out—'79 will turn into an economic disaster

With interest rates shooting up, big business is obviously going to track twice about aggressive capital expansion. This means the consumer, our chief economic spark plug during the business recovery of the past three and a half years, must continue to be a reasonably robust spender to keep the 1979 recovery out of hot water. Without him—and he's the big guy, representing two thirds of the nation's national product (GNP)—a recession, perhaps a severe one, would soon be a certainty. Considering the consumer's record debt, his low savings, and the fact that his income in personal income (up a meager 0.3 percent in September) is hardly enough to keep pace with inflation, there's clear cause for concern. Are the beleaguered consumer, in fact, out out of gas? And, therefore, is the '79 recovery in danger of trouble thus suddenly assigned?

For some thoughts, I met up Albert R. Siedinger, who has been polling consumer attitudes the past twenty three and a half years. His outlook was grim. Based on his latest findings (1,300 different households are surveyed each week), the outlook seemed pretty bleak. Siedinger concludes that as a consumer seems to have now peaked out. Despite due to inflation, he seems increasingly, that the consumer will begin to slide precipitously in the face of changing retail unemployment. According to Siedinger, looks for retail sales growth to decline markedly (throughout '79)—down a gain of some 11.5 percent in January to a net of just under 3 percent in July and then on an annual basis at year-end. The real result: A consistently depressing '79 recession in which nearly 3 million Americans—half the number that joined the labor force over the past year—will lose their jobs in the next six months.

A recession is generally defined as two consecutive quarters of negative growth in the gross national product. Siedinger's scenario is much worse—four straight quarters of declining GNP next year, beginning with a 3.5-percent fall-off in the first three months. He sees that followed by a 2.5-percent drop in the second quarter, 1 percent in the third, and 1.5 percent in the fourth. Please note, this is a demand!

Sid Siedinger reports on the consumer and Siedinger world in each issue



Siedinger: Hall of a credit crunch ahead



Edman: Chief of '79 rights in schedule

controversy view, since most economists are forecasting 3 to 4-percent growth in the '79 GNP.

Extensive views are understandably loaded again with pessimism. But Siedinger seems a long way. For one thing, he tells me his weekly surveys (which measure such things as income levels, job security, buying plans, savings, and debt) have gradually been a consistent barometer of the economy. And his latest poll, he says, does consumer gloom accretion—with anticipation of declining incomes, fewer jobs, and worsening business. Further, his nearly 100 clients (chief individuals and companies) include the likes of Ford and Goodyear, each of which thinks enough of Siedinger to pay him over \$100,000 annu-

ally for his economic views.

Why is the consumer in gloom? "It's inflation," says Siedinger. "Because for everything the consumer buys every day, prices continue to rise—and it's going to get worse." He predicts that the consumer price index, one of the most reliable yardsticks for determining inflation, will rise from its recent 9.6-percent rate in September to a solid 12.5 percent in May. Actually, Siedinger makes more inflation is really running at a 14.5-percent annual rate of one year in realistically adjust for such things as two-year bills and the cost of living a working middle-class. Outright inflation doesn't mean anything new—but Siedinger's is especially alarming when he relates it to the aspect of savings. First listen to this:

"Nearly a quarter of the U.S. households, 25 percent, no longer have any savings at all. Five years ago the figure was less than 9 percent."

"Four of every ten American households are now living off their savings, most of them double the rate of five years ago."

"By January of 1977, consumer bank savings grew at an annual rate of 16.7 percent, most recently, 8.8 percent—only a 30-percent drop in less than two years."

"Through much of the 1960s and the early 1970s, about 90 percent of the \$6.5 billion of monthly payments received by pension-fund holders and social security recipients went into savings. Now, in a dramatic reversal, 40 percent of the benefits (which have since soared to \$7.5 billion a month) are going instead into checking accounts to meet bills."

"We're been living off the fat (profits) all week now we're slaving on the bone (losses)," bellows Siedinger. "So he the bell in the consumer going to carry the ball for the economy in '79?"

Maybe he isn't, but he's certainly giving a damn good report of things. Retail sales were up a bit. 1.5 percent in September, housing is strong, and there's a continuing far-spread demand for autos. And healthy auto and housing figures are not the stuff of which recessions are made. Siedinger's response: "That's budgeting to lead out inflation. But our surveys show every major consumer item has peaked except cars and houses. And they'll peak too before this year's over."

Siedinger says his own recent findings of the Ford's which the interest rates and the stock market. Also, many great views. Normally, among business sharply curtails interest rates, and in fact during the 1974-75 recession, the prime rate at the bank's lending rate in its best customers' published rapidly from 12 percent in September of '76 to 3 percent in March of '75. Not this time, says Siedinger. His reasoning:

"(1) Heavy government demands for funds to finance the federal deficit (which amounts a whopping \$40 billion in current payments alone) are still federal debt of \$153 billion; (2) the Federal Reserve Board's anxiety to protect the dollar by keeping interest rates high, thus encouraging heavy foreign movements in the U.S.; Siedinger's chief and unfavorable outlook not for the prime rate, a record 16.5 percent by the end of next May. His equally chilling market outlook: 30-percent drop in the Dow Jones Industrial index into the 600's in the same period."

Though he deserves a long rope, Siedinger is by no means the master of wisdom. Back in September of '75, he also predicted dire things for the economy and the market. He was wrong. Siedinger's explanation: "I was stupid of my time. I didn't recognize the cheap rate on consumer confidence that would result from the fact that the time will be different because inflation's gotten so bad."

I asked Siedinger if he thought the world was coming to an end. Thank goodness he said no. "But we need a recovery so we'll stop spending more than we make," he says. "We've got to get rid of \$50 billion of federal spending, which we're not going to be able to do. So we're in for one hell of a credit crunch as we're confident collapse." As Siedinger adds, where he says, "Almost everybody will be short of funds."

God, he's vulnerable too. I thought maybe I shouldn't raise my subscription to *Full Disclosure*.

Speaking of disempowerment, it was in San Francisco a few weeks ago and he was out of my dinner people—Chief of '79 Arthur Paul Erdman. Would you believe he closed me up with some happy economic talk? No, Erdman wasn't looking away from his own forecast. He was simply postponing his dinner speech until 1981. (His reason was Jimmy Carter's apparent success at Camp David, meaning, says Erdman, that "obviously he's not a total failure and will now be given a second chance.") The other. The dollar has been slowly tested in the last three months, indicating he says "basic confidence in the international dollar-based system that I had expected."

I felt pretty good. After all, a two-year reprieve is certainly better than nothing. Well, Erdman, I'm sorry to say, it was having second thoughts about postponing that financial collapse, due by the way, at less than five months—next March 15, so be precise, according to the book. Why the change of heart? For one thing, an ominous warning from former Saudi Arabian oil minister Sheikh Abdullah Tarulid that oil prices from the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) could jump as much as 15 percent next year—

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putting interest and disastrously heavy pressure on the dollar. Even more disturbing, he said, was the fact that inflation "now spreads" an absolute fire. He was saying "I watched the man, and for the first ten minutes he seemed to be apologizing that his program probably wouldn't work. And I said to myself, he's hoping for it to get inflation down to only seven percent. Big, bloody deal."

Erdman argues that voluntary wage-price controls won't work because there's no strong authority behind them. "And meanwhile the root cause of inflation—namely constant printing of money by the Federal Reserve—is not being attacked," he declares. Erdman takes a dim view of Federal Reserve chief G. William Miller—and of another major factor in his view as a disaster as Treasury Vice Mike Blumenthal. Says Erdman "in the field of economics, Carter has a knack of surrounding himself with an unbelievable amount of incompetence."

What does this have to do with that March 15 blowup, says Erdman, a wholesale fight from the U.S. dollar—the first general market panic since the war, he says, brought on by the crisis of a financial Frankfurt—that explains 3000-billion Eurodollar market (the amount of U.S. dollars held by people and institutions overseas)—those crazy, unworldly fellows blowing around the world that can only keep going as number because of Carter's inability to solve the energy problem and to stop inflation."

Who knows? Maybe I ought to cancel my Wall Street Journal too.

Only \$100 for Eight Hours with Hazel—But Hands Off, She's a Killer

Hazel Jacobs is a twenty-one-year-old New York Native who's about five feet six inches tall, bright, attractive, and a seductive dancer. At first blush a fire devil, she has a few friends with her, as I did the other week, and you'll find the other side of Hazel—only if you know of her, having danced, never mind and where only among in success. It wasn't about to happen, though, since Hazel has a skill that I surely wasn't interested in tonight—the ability to do a tightrope walk like a circus expert, to move on all fours. What makes it all very interesting is that the story—which she developed over the past eight years—will be the nucleus of an upcoming new business. In brief, a personal bodyguard service—the executive, dignitary, and their wives and children—composed of extremely women highly skilled in the art of karate. And Hazel will head it all up in a division of John C. Maxwell Services, Inc., a leading New York New Jersey security service with annual revenues of about \$10 million.

John Maxwell runs the new service—which Hazel is operating as a few weeks—as an attractive woman on the outside. Would-be attackers would be less



Hazel: A big business in black belts

scared of women as protectors and female bodyguards should be especially appealing. "I'm not a bodyguard," it might be a million dollar business in a year or two," says Maxwell, who emphasizes that protectors—and protection should—will be the only service the women will provide. Hazel will start a division of \$100,000 per year for experts for no night hour shift plus \$10 for each additional hour.

I asked Hazel a karate teacher with a masters in Judo, and from Columbia University's Division of Physical Education, and her last class to one her sixth to ward off some overreaction, she had.

"I was at a basketball game," she recalled, "and this fellow, about five feet tall, about 150 pounds, came in and sat on my stomach back several feet. When he recovered, he quickly walked away. Maybe he realized that if he came back, I would have killed him."

And if he came down to it, I'd kill it," she responded. "And a wouldn't bother me in the least because I'd be doing my job. Did you James Bond if he ever messes with Hazel?"

Goodies in the Tax Act

This time, Congress included some real benefits for the middle class

The story goes that on his deathbed, W.C. Fields (hardly a taxpayer man) said he was visited by an old friend who was started to sue old W.C. paying through the middle.

"Looking for loopholes, just looking for loopholes," the dying comedian explained. Legions of accountants and tax experts are sifting over the fine print of the new tax bill, the Revenue Act of 1978, and they, too, are looking for—and finding—provisions and loopholes in the new legislation that add up to a lot more than relatively small dollar tax cuts for most Americans.

In fact, the tax cuts themselves are hardly much to get excited about as far as most individuals are concerned. Example: If you are single and have an adjusted gross income of \$30,000 next year, your reduction in federal taxes comes to about \$150. If you are married and have two children and earn the same amount, the cut is about \$115. The single person earning \$10,000 saves about \$15, while the married individual with two kids and the same income saves about \$145.

But don't plan on using these savings for a car payment or anything. For most Americans, those savings add, not even equal the increase in social security payments and the effects of inflation next year.

But there is plenty more to cheer about in the new legislation. Experts are quick to credit the writer the 1976 Tax Reform Act, which seemed to headle positively no one, this new bill has something good for almost everyone. Here are some highlights of the package.

For the year-end employee earning \$30,000 to \$25,000 or so, the package benefits are the tax reduction and the elimination of tax brackets. There are three brackets, rather than six, so you can keep more of an increase in pay without jumping into a higher bracket. For the next five years, starting January 1, if you are working for an employer who is paying for your education, you don't have to worry about those contributions for legitimate education tuition writing up as taxable to you.

There has also been a loosening of regulations regarding child care payments, and



you can now deduct payments made to your grandparents. Of course, the amount you can deduct shrinks as you earn more, and of the family income tops \$25,000, the benefit effectively disappears.

In higher brackets—say \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year—the personal advantages of the law concern not only the taxes on what you earn but also the tax breaks you can get for what you do with your income. One of the real benefits, according to Arthur Fidler, a tax partner with Arthur Young & Company, has to do with financial retirement allowances. A little background is explained here they apply.

What, in an infinite wisdom, Congress enacted the Employee Retirement Income Security Act a few years ago, its intent was to ensure that employers did not get gripped out of that position. The result was the opposite. The paper work required and the cost of complying with government regulations were such that a lot of companies dropped pension programs altogether. Employers who wanted to be assured some money for retirement—either that social security—set up individual retirement accounts (IRAs). Cash parked in these accounts is not taxed until it is taken out, usually for what you have reached age 59½ and a half. The problem with IRAs is that salaried employees virtually cannot deposit more than \$1,500 annually into such accounts each year.

The new law will now permit employers who have no pension plan to make tax-deductible payments directly into their em-

ployees' IRA accounts. The maximum contribution is the lesser of \$1,500 or 15 percent of your earned income. If your employer's contribution is not the old maximum, you are allowed to deposit enough to bring it up to that limit.

There is a change too in the tax treatment of qualified stock-option plans. This especially benefits upper-income executives, for it allows to reduce the maximum tax on appreciated stock to 30 percent of income. Before, it could go as high as 85 percent.

For the small businesses and the small corporation, the bill is a virtual godsend. It allows small businesses to have incomes of up to \$100,000 and pay an effective tax of only about 17 percent, says Fidler. It cuts some substantially more income for the small business at grossly lower rates.

Then there are a number of changes in the capital gains tax that will benefit principally upper-income investors. In effect, the bill reduces the maximum amount of tax that even the most wealthy individual has to pay on capital gains to 28 percent. For people in lower brackets, the tax is lower still.

Some other provisions worth noting:

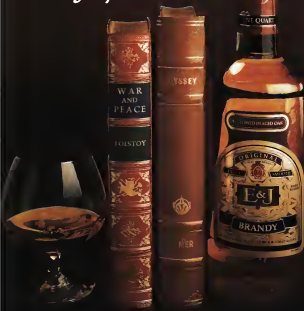
Having to worry about income tax when retiring, this provision is perhaps the most significant piece of legislation since Social Security. For people 65 and over, there is a new one-time credit of \$100,000 on the profit from the sale of a house. This will be increased to July 26, 1978. About the only catch concern is that the owner or owners have occupied the house for three of the last five years.

The old married couple also gets a break. Current law allows you only one roll-over of your income every eighteen months. Now, if you are married for employment reasons, you can roll over that profit more than once and still avoid taxes on the profit.

Tax shirkers: The reform of 1976 has been expanded. The new credit defect, in a given year, made money that you actually earn in any tax shelter—with the sole exception of real estate shelters.

Political pill: You can get tax breaks for twice as much in political contributions. The old maximum was a \$25 credit for singles, \$50 for married couples. It is now \$50 for singles, \$100 for couples. It

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How to Make a Mint Fast

One way is to own one: Then you can charge \$875 for \$86 worth of silver

The fluorescent light, the electric popper, rice that won't overcook no matter how long it's left to boil—it takes but a small leap of imagination for the sumptuous world to see that the financial world has its "new products" as well, even though they are by nature intangible. Things like listed stock options (five years old and already a major share of Wall Street activity), cash-purchase funds (one class of investors gets all the dividends, the other, all the capital gains), variable-premium life (flexibility in a price), Treasury-bill futures, real estate investment trusts... diamond funds.

Some financial entrepreneurs are content pairing together creative deals. But others—the innovators, aiming to improve life for people like you and me—like exotic dressing of their own better mousetrap (a barely visible thread strung half an inch above the floor).

Consequently, the closeness of new financial products has led to the substance of the product being offered (this is the offer itself). I happen to have two such financial products right here:

A outfit set up shop last year to give birth to two mutual funds: The Bull Fund, which would aggressively invest in stocks and options, and The Bear Fund, which would aggressively short stocks, to profit if they went down. You would put your money in The Bull Fund if you thought the market was headed up and in The Bear Fund if you thought it was headed down. Just by picking up the phone, you could switch from one to the other.

A very clever idea. Not only did that let you in on the fun—by allowing you to decide which way the market was going—it also put the fund managers off the hook. If the market moved, The Bull Fund would presumably come with it (even though The Bear Fund would take a beating). Or if the market fell again, The Bear Fund would profit handsomely from though The Bull Fund would get obliterated. So if you didn't make money, it was your own damned fault.

Andrew Tobias is a bestselling author of *Buyers Regret*.

Two Financial Products We Would Like to See

1. The Electronic Money Clip
World court your business and display a winning total. Could have clock-and-calculator feature, too, and a small compartment for gold coins, art, and mementos.



2. The Investor's Contact Lens
You may have seen how the windshield of modern fighter planes occasionally display their instrument readings right in the pilot's eye. So the pilot doesn't have to take his eyes off his adversary. Well, using much the same principle, these contact lenses would have the broad tape running across them—the New York Stock Exchange in the left eye, the Dow Jones (optional) Reserve news wire in the right. Would also feature a small compartment for gold coins, art, and mementos.



With a good deal of thought—as well as the relatively high management fee that each creature can command—the two funds were launched in May of last year.

They both went down. If the fund managers were embarrassed for this wrong, shares in The Bull Fund, originally priced at \$15, have fallen to \$12.40 and in The Bear Fund, to \$9.85; they did not show a net gain in their first annual report. The first page of that report makes no mention of the declining value of the shares. Instead, there is a chart that shows how an investor who had rolled each of the turns in the market—switching back and forth between the funds with perfect timing—could theoretically have had a 48.8 percent gain versus a 2.7 percent decline in the Standard & Poor's index. Yes, the fund managers quickly removed such theoretical success would have been virtually impossible to achieve in practice, but they wanted to illustrate the possibility.

Now here in the report do they illustrate what would have happened to the investor who guessed wrong at each of those turns.

In truth, I suspect these two funds were offered in the public in good faith and with genuine enthusiasm. (There was no sales fee charged, just the high management fee.) And at great harm was done. For one thing, \$5,000 was set as the initial minimum investment, which would keep most amateurs out of the game. And even at that, only a couple of million dollars flowed into the funds. Most prospective investors probably misinterpreted the listing as trying to call attention away from the market (few funds are *not* listed), and those who did feel confident in their ability to call market turns probably felt equally confident to choose their own stocks.

More interesting, perhaps, and much more widely advertised, is a second new product, recently offered to the public by The Franklin Mint in cooperation with American Express.

A million or more American Express creditholders received the catalog offer in the mail, along with a cover letter from American Express. Franklin Mint, the

Continued on page 30

YVES SAINT LAURENT POUR LE VOYAGE HAVE YOU EVER REALLY FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A TRAVELING BAG BEFORE?

PRESENTING LE VOYAGEUR, A LIMITED EDITION OFFER FROM YVES SAINT LAURENT POUR HOMME



Le Voyageur, the Yves Saint Laurent of traveling bags, contains 2 oz. of Yves Saint Laurent After Shave Balm. A \$480 value, yours for a mere \$145.00 with any purchase of Yves Saint Laurent Pour Homme. Free Giftmaster's Engineering. Available for a limited time only.

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Travlers by Barry • Nino Cerretti • Calvin Klein •
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A coat for every car.

The look for Aspen, the weight for Houston.
 Styled by Nino Cerretti
 in Camel, Navy, Charcoal
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 Regular and long—\$99.50

6
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One Hell of a Man's Store

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NAUTILUS EQUIPMENT DIDN'T GIVE DEBBIE THE BEST BODY IN TOWN. BUT DON'T TELL JOHN THAT.

Since they've been married, he's watched Nautilus equipment lower Debbie's aim, supple and strong. And he's not overly modest about what Nautilus has done for him, either.

Debbie and John are representative of thousands of fitness-conscious Americans who are taking full advantage of the famous, personalized Nautilus programs for the development of maximum personal strength and the rehabilitation of injured limbs.

Most professional football teams (including the World Champion Dallas Cowboys), many professional baseball teams and numerous colleges count on the Nautilus system to get and keep their athletes in peak physical condition.

30 years of scientific study, experimentation and refinement of its equipment stand behind the Nautilus philosophy. As you know, Nautilus weight training machines have revolutionized most traditional approaches to muscular development. Nautilus' high-intensity, full-range exercise programs increase strength and



muscle mass, improve cardiovascular ability, provide greater speed-of-movement, and promote expanded body flexibility.

Nautilus fitness isn't just for the pros. It's really designed for you, whatever your age. "Welcome to Fitness" tells all about it. There's probably a Nautilus-equipped fi-

ness facility near you. Come by for a free copy, or send the coupon below.

You want to be all the man or woman you can be. We can help.



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Send me a copy of "Welcome to Fitness" and the address of my nearest Nautilus-equipped fitness facility.

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Address

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☐ I am interested in the advantages of spending a healthy life with Nautilus equipment. Please send me full information.

In Houston, visit these Nautilus-equipped facilities.

Spring Cypress Cultural Center • 713/353-9964
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Super Nautilus • 713/632-9660
711 Town & Country Lane,
Town & Country Shopping Center, Houston

Toilet paper only wipes. Wet Ones® moist towelettes clean.

That's why you need both.



The difference between toilet paper and Wet Ones moist towelettes is one word: **cleaning.**

Toilet paper wipes. Wet Ones clean.

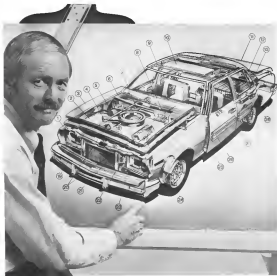
That's why you need both. Wet Ones moist towelettes are soft cloth. They're pre-moistened with a mild cleansing solution, flushable and strong. Used after toilet paper, they leave you feeling cleaner, fresher and better than toilet paper alone can. So place the Wet Ones next to the toilet paper in your bathroom—you'll find that toilet paper plus Wet Ones is a lot better than toilet paper alone. Wet Ones moist towelettes are also available in a convenient Porta-Pack that fits purse or pocket.

**"A lighter car
uses less gasoline.
Here are 28 ways
Alcoa aluminum can
help increase your
miles per gallon."**

Strong, lightweight aluminum alloys can help cars become lighter. And reduced weight in cars can mean more miles per gallon. That's why many aluminum parts are now being used in various American cars. And why many others are under serious consideration. Someday perhaps, they'll all be included in the same car. And America will go a lot further on a gallon of gas. For free booklet write Alcoa, 604-L Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

We can't wait for tomorrow.

ALCOA



world's largest private man, was offering you the chance—up until October 31—to buy a proof set of twenty-five unique stamp-silver gambling tokens, one for each of the world's most glamorous casinos—from the casinos in Baden-Baden to Cascais, Portugal, in Las Vegas, to Monte Carlo de Príncipe. In the midst of the current gambling craze, what better way could there be to get in on some of the pleasure, romance, and excitement?

Not only was each token to be made of silver, it would also have an average face value of \$25 (or the approximate equivalent in marks, francs, etc.), so you could actually walk into a casino and redeem it. But, as the offer pointed out, it is unlikely you would want to do so since "they are likely to be the most desirable as collector's treasures..." The tokens were to be limited, available only through The Franklin Mint, and would never be offered again.

And in talks that set \$25 gambling tokens—years for just \$15 each—affordable, you would not be billed for the full \$25 plus tax at once. Rather, the tokens would be billed to you once a month. You would be billed for each token as you received it.

If Meyer Rothschild himself were still selling "old cows, rare coins," in Frankfurt, he couldn't have made them sound more attractive than these brand-new, limited editions, sterling-silver, \$25 face value gambling tokens.

Nowhere in the brochure or the ads was there any question of how much the tokens would weigh (how much sterling silver? Might an astronomical figure cause \$25 worth of tokens to be too much?) and offer a little bonanza—the "collector's services representative" knew everything about the offer but this—was told that the entire set of coins would weigh about six ten-gram coins. This sounds a curious price. Yours for only \$25 plus tax.

I asked, this has been a problem with many of the other billion-dollar worth of "limited editions." The Franklin Mint has sold to the public over the last eight or ten years. The items are often beautiful—the packaging always is—but how much of a premium over intrinsic value is that design work worth? One way to find out is to try to sell existing Franklin Mint tokens. When people have tried, they have generally been disappointed.

Perma Trill Avenue, a world-renowned coin-dealing firm, makes a market in old editions of Franklin Mint coins. Only twenty-five of these currently fetch a price equal to or exceeding the issue price at Perma, the vast majority go for 40 percent to 50 percent less.

But this is where the real dilemma comes with regard to the casino coins. Perhaps sensitive to the growing public awareness that in investments, anyway, Franklin Mint issues have proved elusive, the firm dropped up there, with these \$25 face value. The implication being that you were not being sold silver at more than twice its

You can redeem your tokens for face value—simply by flying to Nairobi, San Remo, Monte Carlo, or Vegas.



intrinsic value but, rather, a marvelous set of rare coins at only a rather modest premium over their redemption value.

One. Buy a \$400 airplane ticket. Fly to Baden-Baden, and you will indeed be able to redeem one of your set of twenty-five coins for \$25. Then fly to Monte Carlo to redeem a second, to Las Vegas for a third, and so on.

So, practically speaking, the \$25 "face" (the phrase also suggested in the minimum value for the tokens was little more than a brilliant marketing idea).

As for the collector's value of these tokens—based on their history and rarity—this is, of course, harder to assess. I asked the collector services representative at Franklin Mint how many subscribers the exclusive limited edition would in fact be limited to. There was a surprised smile at the other end of the phone. "Why, to however many people order by October 31, when the offer closes." It was limited to whoever wanted to buy it.

And the amazing thing—to this philistine, anyway—is that people did buy it. Personally, I would rather buy them than any of AT&T. From the corporate point of view is apparently the same sort of cost of gambling tokens, and watch a flurry of \$20 in dividends each year.

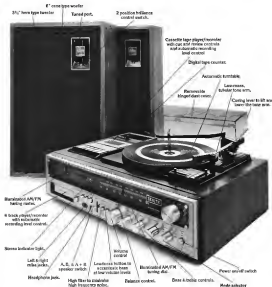
A Franklin Mint spokesman explains that only about 15 percent of their customers are "possible price speculators." It is these reasons for buying Franklin Mint offerings. Which is good, he says, because he agrees with me. Collectibles, by and large, do not make good investments, except as "investment in pleasure." He is quite sure that Franklin Mint ads do not give any opposite impression. Perhaps he should read the ads again.

I have an extraordinary hypothesis with regard to financial new-product development. Namely that financial research and development, such as it is, is not conducted in search of ways to make investors suffer (that is, in the case of the consumer's welfare) but rather possibly to make the salesmen richer.

I'm glad that almost any new-product development, limited or otherwise, is primarily profit motivated. But if there is a difference between the long researchers and the financial entrepreneurs, it may be this. With a new soap or a new soap, if the product isn't really so great, it will get bought up once—once into per customer—and that's not enough apparently to empower the buyer or stretch the seller. With a financial product, however, once you're enough in.

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll tell you everything about this article for \$100 cash (I'll send you one of this magazine) and in return you agree to submit an ad, in full, guaranteeing to buy ten more but, from you for \$25. Just bring it in my office in England (for credit living outside New York) or in my office in Los Angeles (for New York readers).

What you want, it's got.



Zenith introduces a new line of integrated stereo systems that'll take 'em all on. Just compare the features.

ZENITH
The quality you're looking for in stereo gear.

MODEL 2540P. Zenith's new stereo system. \$249.95. Features: 100 watts, 100 watts, 100 watts, 100 watts.

puritans believe man should face the outdoors boldly.

Puritans have always had a no-nonsense attitude about the rigors of nature. And today's Puritans are no different. Consider our new collection of Big Sweaters. We make them big-man bulky yet buoyant. Toasty warm without weighing you down. With spirited styling and gutsy bold colors and fabrics.

Yet underneath all their great good looks there's the Puritan tradition of integrity. You recognize it when you wear one. By the way it fits and keeps its fit. By the way it gives you your money's worth in durability.

The Big Sweaters. For the name of a store near you, write Puritan Sportsneer, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019. A division of the Warnaco Group.

puritan®

Integrity is our way of life.

Woolmark
The Woolmark
The Woolmark





"The popularity of white rum and tonic is no surprise. We Puerto Ricans knew it was only a matter of time."

(Fernando Lugo, bartender, and his wife Jane)

Chances are you've noticed.

More and more people are enjoying Puerto Rican white rum in place of vodka or gin.

Like the Lugos, they appreciate the incredible smoothness of white rum. It mixes beautifully with tonic or orange juice or soda. And makes a superbly dry, clean-tasting martini.

Puerto Rican white rum is, indeed, smoother than vodka or gin.

You see, every drop of Puerto Rican rum is aged, by law, for at least one full year before it's bottled.

And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Here's a suggestion. Instead of mixing your usual vodka or gin and tonic, make it white rum and tonic. Now, isn't that better?

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries.

Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

Blue label: Light Rum of Puerto Rico; red label: Puerto Rican Rum. Dist. 6-8: 1090 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10108 © 1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.





Alfred Dunhill of London Fifth Avenue at 50th Street New York Chicago Beverly Hills San Francisco London Houston and Toronto

Sports

by Roy Blount Jr.

Some Classy Passing Acts

A quarterback's best friend should be a cuphionous tight end

It's not a premium year for green-named passing combinations. Oh, there are a few. I like the Steve Woodley and Dave Luskis, at the University of New Hampshire. **WOOLEY TO LUSKIS** isn't bad. And although "Sawbury" alone doesn't sing, there is something to be said for (Art) Sawbury to (Muf) Napien, at Boston University.

Sawbury throws, and it is

easy. At the way to Muf Napien. Not since Robin shot an arrow—To the air to greet Miss Muffin. Something something something—

A just a reminder to Napien.

Then, too, the University of Washington offers Tim Fink and Spider Gower. You could ask the former to run up the Bleaker's aerial attack, and he could say, "I FLICK, HE CAPERS."

But there is only one notable combination right now at the National Football League: Denver's Craig Morton and Steve Moran.

The last-named duo of those in the pro is That M and M combo of Morton to Moran.

And of Nifty Three (this past, we have a real quarterback situation. I am not referring to the fact that the team lost its first two games. I am referring to the fact that it hasn't come up with a receiver named Heisenberg as, at least, Cleveland. The Ink do have (Doc) Mortimer to (Dennis) Heisenberg, which is vaguely accurate, but MORTIMER TO HEISENBERG would be the longest pass ever thrown, not MORTIMER TO CLEVELAND would be 2,132,000 yards.

Why can't we just go ahead and imagine that there is a Mortimer to Cleveland combo, you ask? Or for that matter, a Mortimer to Heisenberg. Well, some people here at the Great Sports Market Institute (GSMI) are willing to go that far, and further. Any amount some colleague of mine is able to insert into my office and cockpit. "How about that one? One who's got bomb-throwing McKeen Gower in quarterback,

Roy Blount Jr. writes regularly for *Esquire* magazine.



and his favorite target is named Steve Moran, too. And they play that other scared led by huge-headed tight end Bo W. Day, and infamously Romanus Hise. So what have you got?"

What you have got, of course, is the meaning of HISE TO DAY and COOPER TO MORAN.

But there is another, more unusual-oriented school of thought here at the institute. The school, to which I belong, adheres more faithfully, I believe, to the principles on which the GSMI was founded. We accept only actual combinations. Such as that just one that, in the future, not only seemed huge chunks of yardage for the Los Angeles Rams but also sounded like a direct line-up.

My idea was dashed, my blood ran cold.

I rushed through the point. By sides and shoulders seemed and rolled.

FROM WATERFALLS TO FREAK.

YOU remember Bob Waterfield and Tom Fears. But how about Romanus Gower and Las. Josephine GABRIEL TO JOSHUA. Doesn't that sound like high-level New Testament dialogue? And here are some others.

Ward Vagstad's GABRIEL TO BUCKLE A Lacey Tiers circus.

Oakland's LAMARCA TO BELTING. ROPES' top donor team.

University of Washington's SEE KILLER TO BUCKLE a pageant of military progress.

Incidentally, the Rams' longest pass completion in 1941 was what Earl Lancaster might have said at some point in The

Rose Taylor. **GOODBYE TO MAGNANT**. And a first bit of euphony was born at the Rockies, at the University of Florida, when John Heaver began spending deep seas in Carlos Adams.

"I love the twining of the leaves,"

The autumn pool rips.

"And leaping in the sleeves,

And REAVES TO ALPINE."

All these combinations, of course, are fully documented to be the following, which form a special category. Each of them suggests a certain kind of pass.

Norm Stander to Bob Green, Green. You would go to your SPREAD TO GREEN for the tough short yardage.

Roger Strickland to Scott Laddish, Cowboys. Sit on your STRICKLAND TO LADD. Ladd will come for something very easy.

Jim Franken to Reggie Kuebler, Patriots. A nice following FLANKER TO BUCKER would be for these centers thirty-four to six corners.

None of us here at the institute who take a special interest in these actual combinations are attack combos do not, of course, just sit back and wait for them to come up. We are convinced that many of them, below the national level, may pass among themselves during football season, we may pass to keep up with high school and small college results around the country. My personal area of concentration is the Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic League (WPIAL).

Certain WPIAL school names also are worth the trouble. Sto-Ron, Moore Township, W. Beaver, S.S. Beaver, Derry Area, and my own favorite team, the Alderport Quays. What we possess the ages type for.

THE PRIZE OF INGLENOOK, 100 YEARS LATER.



Picture Calaveras Sauvignon wine in 1913

This year our Calaveras Sauvignon is even more outstanding, in the tradition of the classic Inglenook wines honored at the Paris Exposition in 1889 and most recently in London at the 9th Annual Wine and Spirits Club Competition.

It's a wine special enough to represent 100 years of impeccable quality and exacting standards.

If you want to enjoy a truly fine Calaveras Sauvignon, taste ours. You'll appreciate what 100 years of tradition can mean.

Inglenook Vineyard, Napa Valley, California

In JANUARY of 1979 we will release a special bottling of our 1974 Calaveras Sauvignon.

Calaveras Sauvignon has always been the prize of Inglenook. When our victory was awarded a century ago, they were the grapes we planted first. Over the years, our Calaveras Sauvignon has been honored for its classic style and outstanding quality.



INGLENOOK
Celebrating 100 years of Superior Winemaking
1879-1979

One man's vision sparked every man's fantasies

For more than 60 years, Alberto Vargas has been celebrating the American woman in all her beauty and charm, honesty and demurity, innocence and sensuousness. Now, accompanied by his life story, 163 of Vargas's most lushly alluring paintings have been gathered together in one exquisite volume. Illustrated in color and black-and-white, VARGAS is a spectacular showcase of the art of the pin-up. Size 9"x11" \$14.95 now at your bookstore.

VARGAS

by ALBERTO VARGAS and REID AUSTIN
Foreword by Hugh Hefner



however, are the touchdowns-plus some-
times giants to CYRUS, ECHIDNA to
MARIANNE, MARASCO to KIP TRU-
NAPART, C. GEORGE to EYEWORM, PAN
CHINA to CHERLY, RUFFLES to BEARDS,
Kneeshaw to work in other parts of the
country have decorated STEEDS to
HAGS, SHALYWHERE to CRAFTS, ARM-
STRONG to BANCER, SORIAL to PESTER-
E, LARGO to RUFFLE, E. PETER to MING,
and EAR-ENDURE to LINES to MACHINE.

In 1975, Louisville High in Alabama,
featured a quarterback named Tew. I may
not wish, of course, that there had been a
few to PROMOTE contribution. Or, for that
matter, a TEW AND PROPS is a DUN TO
FLUSH. But I am not going to force such a
sting. The type of person who would force
such a thing, is the type who is not satisfied
with the delicate innocence of STEEDS to
LARGO, a Nerveless looking of recent
memory. The type of great name radi-
ant man go on—either beyond the gates of
football—to imagine that David Thomas,
the quarterback in question, played base-
ball in the off season. And once pitched
both ends of a doubleheader. With a differ-
ent teammate behind the plate in each
game. So that the batter, in the last
score the next day, resembled like a catcher's
kneep. BEANS, BALLETS, BEANS, BALLETS.

Once I would acknowledge, of course,
that the ideal catcher's name, standing
alone, would be CHUCK DOONEY. But let
me stress that no such catcher has ever been
authenticated.)

I fear this kind of airy speculation around
the institute all the time. "What if
[T.A.] TITTLE had chosen to [play] on
TEA, or [find] HARRY to [lose] BART, or
[find] TUPPER to [find] CYRUS] PETER
EYE, or [find] GEORGE to [play] SALLY?

And so on. The next step is to dispute
with historical papers and reviews abso-
lutely—to require a combat like SET-
TING TO LOWER, PRINGS TO MARCH, BROTHERS
TO BOW, HUNTER TO HUNTER, CHINESE
TO SOUTHER, GOES TO NEWCASTLE, EAR TO
MIDLEN, GAWAIN TO TOWNE, GERING TO
NORA, BURN TO TIGHT.

As luck would have it, the institute fol-
low in the next office includes the book-
up—to approve upon the honesty of several
names that the gracious leaves. The other
day he came bounding into my cubicle and
exclaimed, "If a team ever came up with a
quarterback from out of state (and con-
sider that I haven't done this—"

"Quarterbacks never came from state
countries," I reminded him.

"Well, say his father did then. And his
name is SONYMADON?"

"Sonymadon?"

"Right. A team that came up with such
a quarterback and provided him with the
right money—"

"Yes," I said. I could use it myself. I
went into a parent's defense of the word.

"Such a team," updated my colleague
"could pull off a pass that would SANTIAGO
BARNES TO LONG." —

Abracadabra,
I sit on his knee.

Presto chango,
and now he is me.

Hocus pocus,
we take her to bed.

Magic is fun;
we're dead.



MAGIC

A TERRIFYING LOVE STORY

JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS

MAGIC

ANTHONY HOPKINS ANNAMARGRET
BURGES MEREDITH ED LAUTER
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MUSIC BY JERRY GOLDSMITH

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PRODUCED BY JOSEPH E. LEVINE AND RICHARD P. LEVINE
DIRECTED BY RICHARD ATTENBROUGH
PRINTS BY DE LUXE TECHNICOLOR INC.

NOW PLAYING AT SELECTED THEATERS

Weather for Sale

To get a long-range forecast, ask Gordon Barnes—and bring a checkbook

Gordon Barnes can make you happier, wealthier, and more comfortable—maybe almost as happy, wealthy, and comfortable as he is these days. Gordon Barnes sells the weather.

Thirty-three times a day, five days a week, he gives the forecast for WTUP radio and WUPV television, the CBS affiliate in Washington, D.C. But Gordon Barnes is not just any telecaster, \$60,000-a-year weatherman padding around with insurance's air quality or the five-day outlook. The forty-year-old Barnes is also head of the Barnes Weather Service, and for up to \$15,000 a year, you just become one of his clients and beg, for reasons of commerce or love, his really long-range predictions (he's working on December 1991 right now). Earlier this year, for example, he helped a client who manufactures air conditioning ducts have every duct in place for the long, humid summer Barnes had forecast. A couple of major league baseball teams got July and August weekend forecasts from Barnes to plan their big day they call the Big Day in Nationals, just in six-day operations and his forecasts for their advertising last night.

Barnes can help you turn back his belly for last December, the Minnesota Vikings asked Barnes what kind of weather they could expect for their National Football League play-off game with the Rams, in Los Angeles. That month Barnes predicted rain, the Vikings asked him to recommend a place that would be wet and warm, where they could postpone the week before the play-off. He sent them to Tucson. The surprised Vikings won—the rain.

Barnes has been making a living off the weather since he moved to work at studios for Fox Am in the operations department. This year, he'll earn over a half a million dollars for his combination of skill and salesmanship ("I only want a few clients who can afford me," he says, although he laughs). He began publishing "World Weather," a biweekly newsletter, for a mere \$215 a year. Barnes claims he can give clients forecasts with 90-percent accuracy for short-range predictions (five days or less) and with 75- to 80-percent accuracy for long-range forecasts. In his 15 years



Surrounded by equipment in his basement studio, Barnes updates a forecast.

years, he expects long-range forecasts to be around 90 percent accurate.

Weather collecting techniques have improved from the vast amounts of data available that Barnes believes everyone, not just his rich clients, could now be getting reliable forecasts to help plan their business and personal lives. The U.S. government's National Weather Service, however, avoids specific long-term predictions, partly out of the caution that goes along with speaking unvetted "official" and partly because government forecasts belong to a different school than Barnes. The same general information is available both to the government and to private entrepreneurs like Barnes, but Barnes uses a weather-forecasting formula derived by Dr. Irving Krick in the late 1930s and perfected during World War II, when the U.S. Air Force employed Krick forecasts to plan bombing missions over Germany.

Simplified—really simplified—the National Weather Service properly fits the weather on the basis of past weather. For example, to do an extended forecast for next summer, the service would, sometime in May, intrude its computers to go back over information about just summer as they related to various months and seasons that preceded them. From these statistical comparisons the service picks up clues about how upper-level wind patterns this

year may or may not resemble those of previous years and how those patterns affect the weather in certain areas of North America. The Krick technique, on the other hand, concentrates less on past patterns than on the fact that it takes about six days for weather patterns of any kind to move across the forty-eight contiguous states. The six-day pattern can be repetitive, and the Krick formula attempts to tell which patterns will come next. In fact, says Barnes with a conspiratorial look, "you have to have the code book, and I've got it."

Since Krick devised his basic formula, some new discoveries have sharpened forecasts. Earthly weather can be affected by solar activity. Scientists have up to a twenty-two-day pattern and can make hot weather hotter or cold weather colder. If, say, a hot-weather pattern will be passing over Washington during a solar-activity period, Barnes would add five to ten degrees in his forecast, instead of a normal high of eighty-two to eighty-eight, he would predict nearly to ninety-five. "Freakily," he says. "I don't know why it happens, but it does."

Seismic activity also yields to atmospheric cycles, and every twenty-two years—a double cycle, give or take two years—thought has the Pacific states, sometimes head up the East Coast rather than coming

MENTOL: 8 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine, FLTS: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR 78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Photograph by Fred J. Menn

Edwin Diamond is a journalist and a senior lecturer in political science at MIT.

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off toward the Gulf of Mexico, and Northern Europe has very cold winters. Every thirty-three years or so—a triple epoch—cold winters come to the U.S. Northeast (raining the heavy snow), and California dries up and threatens to go away. Last winter marked the emergence from this thirty-three-year cycle.

Barnes and other weathermen for last year's product the weather for the next year. It was a mistake from now. What Barnes can do is give a forecast for the season as well as a prediction for the six-day portion. He might say: "Temperatures will be turning warmer around May eighth, with precipitation on the north or south."

This kind of news will be of interest to one of Barnes's clients, a cigarette manufacturer. The cigarette people want to know when the rainy, cold days are coming. It seems that whenever a cigarette smoker comes down with a sore throat, he does one of three things—cuts out smoking, cuts down, or changes to menthol. The cigarette company wants to know the weather in each of its forty-five markets to plan inventory, advertising, and sales promotion campaigns.

The test of any prediction, of course, is the outcome. A while back, I asked Barnes to predict the weather for a town party I was planning on Long Island for the engagement of my oldest daughter. He opened a side drawer in his desk in the WTOP radio newscast, peered at something inside, and announced it would rain that Sunday. The day before the party, the official forecasts in *The New York Times* and on NBC-TV called for partly sunny weather. Sunday, a record two inches of rain began falling as the first guests arrived for the town party.

I went back to Barnes and asked him for the outlook for the wedding. He opened the desk drawer again and looked inside—for all I know, he may keep his handkerchiefs there—and announced: "Rain and hail."

We ordered a tent anyway. It was never live at all that day.

Gordon Barnes's Fearless Forecast for Winter '79

Without charging \$750,000, Barnes gave me his fearless forecast for the winter of '79. The entire United States, from the Rockies to the East Coast, will be colder than normal from November through March. The two coldest and stormiest months in the season will be December '78 and February '79. Another freeze from Barnes. Despite last year's record snowfalls, he's predicting 25 percent more snow this winter. And if snow comes in good form, you can plan your winter vacation now—for "January thaw," thick bodies, parathion users, will occur between January 20 and 24.



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falls in love as easily, it seems, as our world's most famous actor. As he has known it, the show is over. In "The Death of Furiosa," the narrator has a dream in which he is in a crowded supermarket. Everyone is making his selections with great care, even though nothing is labeled and there is no way of telling what any of the packages contain. At the checkout counter, the packages are torn open by "braves" and "in every case the outcome, at the sight of what he had chosen, showed all the symptoms of the deepest pain." The shoppers are then cast out the door and into death, a "dark water."

In "The Winters," a middle-aged but firm decision to cross the country via a driving of friends' and acquaintances' snowmobiles beginning at the pool of the Winterslacks. Noddy Bland will even leave to Bland's pool, eight miles away. In the course of this wintery journey, time breaks loose. The time ends, the winter grows old. When he arrives home, it is dark, the house empty, his family gone.

Cheever writes and writes. He said that like the dark and cold far, some time after finishing "The Winters," he found the humor and the tapping cook, the quiet addition, the couple who quaver every Sunday about the proper way to serve the roast. Currently, he makes the and humorous (Peters, Cheever, and moments are treated with benign delight. Over the midnight, modern world, Cheever can be light, ordering in all beautiful, outward, and true. It's not easy, obviously.

We live in a time when most people dream from ordinary compared with reality. We live in a world that, for all its comfort and possibilities, seems increasingly as well as as a spectacle and machine from it. Our days are expensive and unfathomable. There is Grandmother's silver, there is a paper money on the stove, there are the children in their clothes, but a truly devoted and unassuming person could come wandering through the door any instant. We still have pro-

Compassionate, humorous, graceful— John Cheever truly celebrates our bewildering lives.

posable, unreasonable, and loving, and we find dignity hardly ever. Our attempts to achieve order and grace are mostly failures. We are writers, and there is, perhaps, the suspicion that the Big Writer in the Big writes with a large and single finger.

Knowing this, perhaps this even, John Cheever, in normal, enters the scene, making choices and overlooking scenes that he then returns and embraces. ("I'm deflated as his wife's top drawer. This is a fact, but I think that it is not a truth.") He arranges like a gathering of wild flowers in a fallow year, the patched moments of his customary life. He gives his people that and three times, for ordering that the world changes faster than we know, he also knows that the mortality of human loneliness remains constant.

In 1961, Cheever published a book of seven stories called *People, Places, and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel*. Some of the things he wrote never to engage us with were "explicit descriptions of sexual encounters," "careful descriptions of American landscapes," "all kinds," and "while we are about it... all those homosexuals who have taken such a demanding position in recent years. Isn't it time that we embraced the education and inconsistency of the flesh and moved on?"

"Out they go, out they go," Cheever said about such people and stories. "They shed too little light." Of course, in 1977, there was *Falconer*, his novel about friendship and homosexuality. And Cheever has always been enthusi-

astic toward his lovers, his drinkers, and his fluorescent-lighted superlatives. There is no gone with us, his music. In the middle of "Boy in Room," he utters the boy's story to say, "Why, never having received from my parents anything but self-love and understanding, should I want a grotesque old man, a foreign grove, and a foolish mother?" Cheever makes the fragility of the writer's power, the outrageousness of his quest, the limitations of any single vision. In the story "A Menchery of Characters That Will Not Appear," he mentions the famous letter "of my best friend Royden Blake" (narrator a composite of Hemingway and O'Hara). Blake goes through four periods: bear moral conviction, with words pecked with sea, and Rousseau. Cheever a giant about it. "You might say that he had lost the gift of evoking the perfumes of life in water, the smoke of burning wood, and the breath of women. He had damaged, you might say, the art's sacrament: chamber, where we hear the heavy sound of the day's last moving over the dead leaves."

The image of this magical chamber serving as our collective memory is a wonderful one. Cheever's stories are so evocative, so resonant, that we return with him to places we didn't know were ours and discover ourselves occupying what we perhaps never knew. He seems capable of writing as intelligent or honest sentences. One can pick up any story in this large collection and find any number of perfect lines that show the complexity of beauty and the delicacy of experience. In the story "The Duchess," we have this: "Wood smoke, coffee, and the smell of snow and mud run on the wind on the champagne day when they were married, in Vrengue."

With such resonance, Cheever truly celebrates our bewildering lives. He is a compassionate, humorous, and graceful writer who has the gift of this earth's most chamber and who has given the gift of his stories to us.

...Meaningless Facts

by Daniel Laskin

The People's Almanac #2 is forgettable

Added to the store's savings of history is a blessed ignorance of history. The *People's Almanac* #2 has arrived. You remember the original *People's Almanac* that prodigiously hit curiosity that instantly became a best seller in 1979 and gave birth, two years later, to its own house, *The Book of Lark*—or, as its author, entrepreneur, the Wallace-Wallachsky edition, called it, *The People's Almanac*.

Daniel Laskin has written on books for *Harvard Magazine*.

Now *The Book of Lark*, now living Walter and John David Wallachsky (the son who inherited the ancestral name), have brought forth under the combined aegis of Bantam (paperback) and Morrow (hard cover), what could well be called *The People's Almanac*. *The People's Almanac* #2. For what we have is a dynamic improvement. The number is affixed to the title the way *Rollercoaster* affixed to the edition of the *Super Bowl*, a perfect run on even but in statistics. As if to give us a palpable feel-

ing for the book's importance, the joint publishers have laid out vital statistics. It weighs two and a half pounds, has 1,250,000 words, 1,440 pages, 25,000 notes, 191 "special articles," 32 chapters, 290 photographs and drawings, and *The People's Almanac* #2 is now entered in the "1979" category. This bulky fellow costs \$9.95 in paperback and \$19.95 in hard cover.

People's Almanac #2 is indeed important, if not for the coded tale of trivia and statistics, it is *Wallachsky* between its covers. Thus for what it suggests about



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Magazine Columnist



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ESQUIRE

Teddy Kennedy: Flirting for President

The playboy of the Senate is also a dedicated, expensive liberal. Unless he decides to run in 1980, he could go out of style for good

by Aaron Latham

Senator Edward Kennedy called me and another reporter over to show us some photos that he had hidden under his coat. It felt as if I were in Plaza Pigele being offered a chance to buy freshly grown turkeys. But I was actually in the airport in Lewiston, Maine, where Kennedy had gone to campaign for Democratic candidates. Opening his coat, the senator revealed from Massachusetts' produce several Polaroid pictures of a man who had died.

WE'RE READY
FOR
TEDDY

The man who's owner was ready for Teddy to run for President. Of course, most of the American press corps has been ready for almost a decade. So almost a score of us had gone stalking with Kennedy on the off chance that this trip would turn out to be the secret beginning of his 1980 presidential campaign. We all seemed to believe that under his coat he had not only pictures but a hidden strategy for conquering the White House.

Teddy Kennedy has been the hidden presidential candidate in American politics throughout the Seventies, but there are reasons why he might finally come out into the open in 1980. As the country apparently grows more and more conservative, liberal Edward Kennedy may feel his time is running out. Nineteen eighty-four might be too late for a liberal. Just ask George Orwell.

Kennedy's problem is that he is not just a liberal but a believing liberal. Many politicians just sit and take off political beliefs as easily as if they were campaign buttons. But Kennedy's big liberal issues seem to have been tattooed on. Or, as Arkansas'

Senator Alexander Rodden puts it, "His concern for the less fortunate is real. It is deep. It is a part of him." Which one is really expensive? He believes the government should spend money to help the sick. He believes the government should spend money to help the poor. He believes the government should spend money to help the elderly. He believes the government should spend money to help the unemployed. And believing in something can be a great handicap to a man running for President.

Just ask Jimmy Carter. He got elected President by believing in something but God. Conservatives perceived him as a conservative and liberals perceived him as a liberal. He was a presidential candidate without consent who has given us a preliminary without consent. Even his famous ride at Camp David, where the Egyptians and Israelis agreed to make peace, was something empty. He wanted only peace so that he could win any energy bill. The content did not matter.

Of course, when people think of glamorous Teddy Kennedy, they do not always think of conservatism. Except perhaps of a conservatism he does not have to his name, a felony conviction for what happened at Chappaquiddick. And yet Kennedy does have convictions. He is trapped by them. And since he can't change his convictions, they may force him to change what he can change. In Ireland. He may feel he has to push his presidential campaign up to 1980.

Besides, if Kennedy should be elected in 1980, he would have a special opportunity to set the tone for a brand-new decade, just as his brother did twenty years earlier. Perhaps his conviction should not be underestimated. Only a handful of new Presidents have a chance to come in with a new decade each century. So far in this century, there have been only two: Warren Harding, who helped shape the politically conservative Twenties, and John Kennedy, who launched the activist Sixties.

The liberal Lincoln came in with a new decade too

Aaron Latham is a rising editor at Esquire's staff



So far, Ted Kennedy, who says he isn't running for President, has campaigned in over a dozen states. When he accepted an invitation to address the New Hampshire Democratic convention, one White House insider came to the conclusion: "He's not running for President, just jogging."

The challenge in covering Edward Kennedy is to try to get him to say he is running for President. For some reason, years and years of failure have not discouraged reporters. We keep right on making the attempt. And success is measured on how close you come to persuading him to say what he has never said. The closest I came—with one exception I'll get to later on—was in a discussion of whether or not Edward Kennedy accepts campaigning.

"The joy of campaigning has really gone out of it for me," Senator Kennedy told me. "It went out after my brothers were gone."

I asked, "Would your desire for campaigning make you not want to run for President?"

"No, no," Kennedy said. "I think you learn a lot. I don't have a distaste for it. It was just that there was a lighter aspect about it before."

"So you would be willing to go through with it?"

"Oh, sure."

This fall, Ted Kennedy, who says he isn't running for President, has campaigned in over a dozen states. One of the first states he visited just happened to be New Hampshire, the state that holds the nation's first presidential primary. His brother was the New Hampshire primary in 1960. Ted Kennedy has been turning down questions to address Democratic state conventions in New Hampshire for the past six years. This year he agreed to come, promising one White House insider to coach: "He's not running for President, just jogging." Of course, a coach he pointed out that Kennedy accepted the New Hampshire nomination before Bob and Betsy accepted the Camp David nomination.

"We talked about Camp David," Kennedy told me. "About how we might not've accepted if we'd known."

"Were you surprised by Camp David?" I asked.

"Encouraged," Kennedy said. "I thought it was a risky gamble that paid off."

"Were you stunned?"

"I think it would be going too far to say I was stunned."

"Surprised but not stunned?"

"Encouraged," Kennedy said and then smiled a broad campaigning smile. "but not stunned."

So, Camp David notwithstanding, we all assembled at Washington's Press air terminal for the trip to New Hampshire—the working party (including me, Kennedy bodyguards). He never travels with me. Which especially stung a German reporter from *Der Stern* magazine, it was so German politician crosses the street without a German army of bodyguards. But what the trip lacked in guards it made up for with journalists. So many reporters had turned up to go that a temporary press hall had to be chartered.

"I can't believe how many people are going," Kennedy said as

the masses. One by one, the reporters climbed into the cramped plane. Mary McGarry, the Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist of *The Washington Star*, *Newswatch's* John Lindsay, known as the Good John Lindsay. The Baltimore *Star's* Carl Leimbach, the 43-line campaign police. There were eleven of us on this leg of the journey.

When Kennedy got on board at last, he moved stiffly. His back was bothering him. It seemed as though Camp David had literally thrown him off his stride. Yet he kept going anyway. And why shouldn't he? Although Camp David brought Carter way up in the polls, it only raised the President to a point where he is beginning to pull even with the senator from Massachusetts.

The flight from Washington to New Hampshire—a trip delayed for ten years—took just two hours. Senator Kennedy found Cliffs Roger Mudd waiting for him at the Manchester airport. The television correspondent had brought his son along with him on the trip to show him how it was done.

"Oh, so, there's Roger Mudd," Kennedy said. "He always asks the same question."

And Mudd did.

"Some Democrats who naturally sympathize, challenging the President are sure or less sure in this position tell you do something," Mudd observed. "So right here at the airport in Manchester, do you want to put out a Vermont statement?"

"I'm glad to be in New Hampshire," Kennedy said.

"That's circulating 'Ted 1980' buttons all over New Hampshire."

"Have you got one on?"

"Yeah, I wear it under my lapel."

Roger Mudd turned over his lapel—like a great host turning over a rock looking for a morsel of bugs—and there it was.

TED

1980

"We'll see you at the rally," Kennedy said.

"This has been a very fruitful interview," Mudd said.

After we left Mudd behind, Kennedy told me: "Roger, he's beautiful. My brother Bob was the only one who could handle Roger. Bobby was a diplomat."

The convention hall seemed to go into heat the moment Kennedy made his entrance. There was a procession of photographers screening in red-white-and-blue.

FLICK KENNEDY

PRESIDENT 1980

Wapping in the microphone, Kennedy said, "I suppose you're wondering why I'm here today. There was a procession of photographers screening in red-white-and-blue."

I began to realize that Teddy Kennedy is a flirt. He loves to tease people about whether or not he will run. Perhaps he even teases himself, flirting with the idea of running never quite



His campaign strategy would be to attack government waste and inefficiency while supporting its role as caretaker of the people. He wants Washington to be Big Daddy but not Big Brother.

making up his mind one way or another

"We take pride in the way our party meets the larger issues facing America as a whole," Kennedy continued. "We reject the view that parties should be homogeneous, flying backward to the future."

How far would he go to keep 1960 from becoming the Year of the Homecoming?

"I never want to see the day when the people of America run their heads on... men and women in unemployment lines, elderly citizens in poverty... families facing financial ruin because of illness."

The homecoming would say Kennedy is a good-hearted fellow who will walk the taxpayers' bones. But he believes most of his fellow Americans almost certainly do not at this moment—that it is time for the government to do more for more people.

After eight years of rule in Washington by the Nixon and Ford administrations," Kennedy told his audience, "America had accumulated a large episode of unbalanced business, the largest in our recent history. As they say in the circus it's a big job coming up after a big elephant."

So America's responsibilities are a cross between a homecoming and an elephant. Now there is an idea to flirt with! One congress, up or down, of a complete United States flying his own aid flying backward. How far would Teddy Kennedy go to save America from that? And how long can he wait? In 1960, a whole American decade could be at stake.

And the money is already on the wing.

Back on the plane, we found Jack Kennedy on our seats. They brought a Princeton sense of being involved in yet another presidential campaign. Jack said consumed a sandwich, a pickle, an apple, and a big chocolate chip cookie. My stomach for the sandwich was passed around in paper cups.

"How do you spend the money?" a reporter called from the back of the plane.

"With your credit," Kennedy explained. "The joy might later give out of campaigning for Kennedy, but he still seemed to be having a pretty good time."

The flight from Manchester, New Hampshire to Lewiston, Maine, took only an hour, barely time to eat. The veteran reporter complained that John Kennedy's plane had better food and toilets. Nineteen reporters flew in the big of the journey. When we landed, Kennedy turned to his press secretary and said, "Here they have those boxes here, Tom."

In Lewiston, Kennedy campaigned for Senator William Hathaway. At an outdoor rally, the underlined Hathaway introduced Kennedy as his typical underdog fighter.

Ted Kennedy called out: "A little more enthusiastic, Bill." During a brief speech, Kennedy spoke out on the importance

of caring for the elderly, the sick, the unemployed. Then he took questions.

"Senator, to address some of the human concerns you mentioned," someone asked, "don't you think a senator would have to vote for some spending program at a time when the country's funds may be constrained?"

"I don't think we're concerned about waste and inefficiency of government," Kennedy bellowed, "as they should be. Because there is waste and inefficiency. But I do think people are also concerned about human needs. And I don't think that those matters are inconsistent."

If Kennedy should run in 1960, this would be the party line. Appeal to the country's responsibility toward the elderly, the poor, the sick, the unemployed while not attacking government waste and inefficiency. But at the same time, support an expansion of the government's role in the care of its people. Kennedy wants Washington to be Big Daddy but not a Big Brother.

On the way back to the airport, Kennedy's press secretary contacted a dozen cars, more than most national presidential candidates ever get. I rode with Mary McGivray, who called Kennedy a "conspiracy candidate," who would say yes if Carter challenged himself. She stated that Kennedy had not criticized the President all day.

Once we were airborne, Mary McGivray told Kennedy: "I think you got an A in the White House for today today."

Kennedy's answer was a big campaign commercial smile.

Before Carter's Camp David coup, Senator Kennedy did not always get such high marks for loyalty. Back when the President was still riding down the grassy hills, Kennedy boldly and harshly criticized Carter as a leader. This criticism always began with differences over national health care but seemed to broaden out from there.

"Unlike the Carter Administration," Kennedy told in a media tour of black doctors last August, "I believe health care is a basic human right."

The reaction from Massachusetts seemed to be taking Carter's most successful phrase—"human rights"—and shoving it down the President's throat. By defining health care as a human right, Kennedy defined Carter as a human rights violator. The President began phrasing as national health insurance slowly with the phrase that it would self-destruct if it cost too much.

"This that is the task of our difference with the administration," Kennedy told the black doctors. "The President wants to launch the ship of national health insurance with a hole beneath the waterline. There will be very few passengers willing to go aboard. The elderly won't go aboard. The poor won't go aboard. The young members won't go aboard. Instead, they'll find a better way."

That night Kennedy seemed to be saying he was the better way. As President, his ship of state would be more seaworthy.



Asked if Chappaquiddick is still an issue, Kennedy replied, "I'm really not the one to ask because it's a judgment about my character. I hope that people evaluate...my total performance."

On the flight home to Washington, I contacted Kennedy of his pre-Camp David choices. And I asked if he planned to revive such issues, words anytime in the foreseeable future.

"Oh, sure," he said.

At 1960 approaches, his loyalty grade may well go down some again.

Ted Kennedy would not be able to see his wife at all that weekend. He lives in a big house in a Washington suburb while she lives in an apartment in Boston. We flew near Boston but he did not go to sleep.

When I asked Kennedy how often he saw his wife, he said, "Frequently. I see her frequently." I asked if he saw her just once a week or once a month, but he declined to expand upon "frequently."

I asked Kennedy about his reaction to a very personal interview that Jean Kennedy had given to McCall's magazine about her alcoholism.

"She indicated that she had faced a very difficult problem," Kennedy said. "She had much moral and personal gain in dealing with it. It was an act of extraordinary personal courage on her part. And she wanted to share that experience. I think she was inspired partially by Betty Ford."

I asked if he had discussed the interview with his wife before she gave it.

"Well, I think she had it in her own mind," he said, somewhat less clearly than when discussing national problems. "And I tried to be strongly supportive of it."

I reminded him of what was probably the most sensitive question in the interview: "People ask whether the newspaper article about Ted and his wife hurt my feelings. Of course they hurt my feelings. They went to the core of my self-esteem. I began thinking, well, maybe I'm just not attractive enough, or attractive enough, or whatever, and it was really my way to say... that's the way it is, I might as well have a drink." I asked Kennedy if he knew this was coming.

"As I said, I think that she'd probably be writing about a number of things, a number of conditions, that probably inspired her life. And I think that she had the opportunity to present it the way she wanted to. I think she did. And I think she deserves a lot of credit for it."

"Did you see the manuscript beforehand?"

"No."

"Did you want to?"

"Yeah. I actually saw it before it came out but after a week or so. I supposed everyone has a sort of natural inclination not to read it. We looked at it—but I understand her reasons for wanting to present them."

"Was this in any sense a clearing of the decks before a presidential campaign?"

"No."

"Have you ever been happier than you are right now?"

"I would say that I get more satisfaction from the profession I'm in now than I got more previously. From the personal point of view, in terms of family, the opportunities for them are much better now than at different times."

If Kennedy did want to run, he seemed to be saying, the family considerations that have bothered him in the past would not stop him.

"Even that sense I consider myself a person that enjoys life and is satisfied by it, I'm convinced. But I'm certainly happy when my teachers were alive."

We flew near Chappaquiddick, but I never actually made any visit. Chappaquiddick would seem to be seeking Kennedy's human of America's concerns. A Time magazine poll recently indicated that most Americans go longer consider it as usual.

I asked Kennedy if he believed the poll.

"I'm really not the one to ask for a judgment," he said, "because it's a judgment about my character. I certainly have a hope that people would evaluate it from a total perspective. Total performance. When someone has been able to perform."

ABC's 20/20 had contained a program on Chappaquiddick, but it recently scrapped the program. Perhaps controversially, David Butler, formerly one of Kennedy's closest advisers, has joined ABC news as vice-president and assistant to the president. The cancellation of the show indicates one state must not to run.

We approached Washington, where Emory Carter was a stronger shock a short time ago and where Teddy Kennedy has been a fixture for so long. But in Washington the only national capital where the statue is a more familiar figure than the President. Moreover it is still Kennedy recently traveled to the Soviet Union where he met with Soviet Premier Brezhnev. Carter has never been there or met the Russian leader. So, naturally, Brezhnev visited Kennedy when the President of the United States was away.

"I said that I thought Emory Carter was connected to arms limitation," Kennedy told me. "And nonproliferation."

I asked about the chances for a Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) agreement in the near future.

"There's a very good opportunity of reaching a SALT agreement," he said. "They are the best."

Brezhnev and Kennedy privately had a summit conference. "One thing is very clear," Kennedy said, "and that is that if there were a nuclear explosion by the United States in the Soviet Union, they would retaliate accordingly. And if they were to drop weapons on the Soviet Union, they would expect the United States to retaliate accordingly."

So?

"So what we're going to do about the Backfire bomber does not make any significant difference in terms of a nuclear deter-



Would he be willing to split the Democrats by running against Carter? "The party has to represent something," he replied. It sounded as if he were saying, Let's get this party moving again.

ment. It only makes a difference in terms of the political personage. Bushywood wondered about this point that I'm making. Why do we sit down and talk about numbers of leeches, barns or oysters? Why are we meeting on Saturday morning talking about these rooms when we know what each side would do if there were a confrontation?"

This view of arms control hardly makes Kennedy a head liner if the country continues to grow more conservative, that position will very likely grow less and less popular.

Another good reason to run now before it is too late.

Although Mary McGarry turned us off the consequences, most of us, Kennedy included, drank bottles of Bushywood on the plane with no toter. We were glad to get to Washington.

That evening, Senator Kennedy addressed the Black Caucus dinner. So many people wanted to attend that the event had to be held in two separate hotels, the Sheraton and the Washington Hilton. President Carter addressed the audience at The Hilton. Senator Kennedy spoke to the crowd at the Sheraton. They were like rival presidential candidates with headquarters in rival hotels.

"I have my differences with President Carter," Kennedy quipped when he rose to speak, "but I didn't think they'd put us in adjacent hotels."

He went on to make a recent rift between Carter and Representative John Conyers. The congressman wanted the President to invite congressional leaders to Camp David and hold them prisoner until they agreed to support the full-employment bill. When Carter refused, Conyers threatened out of a White House meeting.

"I'm comfortable with John Conyers's desire to go to Camp David," Kennedy said. "I've been trying to get these two years."

Had he really? Was he admitting that he had been a classroom coach for all these years, just as we had always supposed? Or was he just firing again? Had our whole long day's journey been an elaborate trip tease?

Many viewed the opposition by Kennedy and Carter as a preview of the struggle for black votes in 1980. But there was no clear winner in this first round. Kennedy gave a better speech, but Carter dropped the best wit.

Andy Young.

The President said he could stay at the United Nations as long as he wanted, which brought the audience to its feet. Jesse Womack had the same effect later, when he sang "You Are the Sunshine of My Life."

The next day, Sunday, my telephone rang. It was Ted Kennedy wondering if I would like to come out and spend the afternoon. The Kennedys have always been good at organizing themselves with the press. The senior senator from Massachusetts supposed I would appreciate being asked over. He was right.

We had Dubonnet in his elegant, slatted den. Kennedy was dressed in blue jeans and a blue work shirt. In casual clothes, Carter looks even smaller than he does in suits. But Kennedy's dreams made him look even larger.

I asked who he thought had won the election: stout old the right before between the President and the senator.

"Carter successfully identified with the movement," Kennedy said.

I asked Kennedy how important the Democratic party was to him. I wondered if it meant so much to him that he would hesitate to split it by challenging his party's sitting President.

"I believe that the party is an instrument for change," Kennedy said. "It has to represent something. The way the party did in the civil rights struggle and the peace movement. I'm concerned about whether we are going to continue to be a factor, a force."

It sounded as if he were saying, Let's get this party moving again.

Kennedy showed me around his home. We lingered in front of framed pages bearing the handwriting of brothers John and Robert. That my last pointed out a letter written by Daniel Webster. Kennedy held Webster's son in the Senate and collects his quotes.

I asked, "Would you rather be right than President?"

Kennedy just smiled a big full-page-old smile.

New Hampshire was just the beginning. It usually is.

Two weeks later, Kennedy was on the road again. Raising from campaign stops to campaign stops. Raising thousands of votes. This time, Kennedy just happened to begin his odyssey in Iowa, which has become the new "New Hampshire" since the Iowa caucus provides one of the first in-theater New Hampshire primary. Therefore, according to the classic theory of presidential politics, Iowa is now crucial. Jimmy Carter began his winning ways in Iowa in 1976, but key Iowa organizers now want to switch to Kennedy. The senator from Massachusetts can make Iowa a Lear Jet, which can get there even faster than commercial jets.

As a rally in Des Moines, Senator Dick Clark told a crowd that Kennedy had at first been reluctant to come to Iowa to campaign for him. But Clark was persistent, he just kept on asking. "After the week here," Clark said, "I told him Iowa had the first presidential caucus and he came to the notice. These Irish eyes really lit up."

When the crowd calmed down, Clark continued.

"I'm sure presidential politics had nothing to do with his trip to Iowa." Pause. "Or with his speech to the state Democratic convention in New Hampshire."

The whole crowd was straining some broadly then Jimmy Carter.

"I think," Clark concluded his introduction, "that Kennedy would be a truly great President of the United States."



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Passport Scotch



"Here I am running for President, and the national press is writing about how organized I am, and I'm standing in a used-car lot in Newport, Arkansas." Well, he had finally said it, right there.

Then Kennedy rose, and the crowd along with him. "I was looking at TV the other day," Kennedy boomed, "and saw a Greyhound ad that said 'real secretaries' rates as family car days at highway prices. So that's why I'm here. It has nothing to do with laws being the first scores in right-placed votes."

The farmer continued: Whether the laws either would ever go as far as coverage books remained to be seen.

Then Kennedy launched into a barn-burner speech in the field of horses. As he spoke, he waved his hands in the air like a Irish leader. His brother had wanted to go the country wrong again, but he seemed to want to open it. Out a body (with national health care) and out (with a return to liberal values).

"The Democratic party ought to stand for something," he roared, "progress, not reaction, innovation, not division."

It sounded like a liberal's manifesto. He seemed to be saying he had heard enough about the death of liberalism. Or perhaps the Irish leader was trying to bring liberalism back to life.

After the speech, Kennedy was hungry. He had whetted his audience's appetite and his own. We went to a restaurant named Babe's, run by a former professional wrestler.

"I'm going to have to rewrite my story," said Joe Waggoner of the New York Daily News. "Change it from you're not running to you're running."

"Did you have any doubts," Kennedy asked, "after Delacorte?"

On the way to Del Mar, Kennedy and Clark had landed in Delacorte long enough to hold an airport rally, but they were met by a swarm of anti-liberal demonstrators.

"What about all the rights to life?" asked Waggoner. "They were Clark's right to life, not mine," Kennedy said.

Clark was best in Delacorte, but I was great in Del Mar.

At the end of the table, a Kennedy aide was busy quoting a Clark aide about an Iowa survey done by publisher Peter Hart. Iowa's most solid to rate various politicians from one to ten.

Clark aide: "Kennedy got a six."

Kennedy aide: "Anybody higher?"

Clark aide: "No."

Kennedy aide: "How about Carter?"

Clark aide: "He got a five."

The next morning, Kennedy ran out to Massachusetts in a snow and ice. At a Ford center in Minneapolis, where couples paid \$1,000 to attend, the host was asked whether anyone else in America would drive like Kennedy. No. Not even President Carter.

The host said he would ask Kennedy first and Carter somewhere after Paul Newman and Robert Redford.

Introducing Kennedy in Minneapolis, Senator Wendell Anderson had this to say: "When Hubert Humphrey died, people said the conscience of the Senate had gone. But in many ways, Senator Edward Kennedy, better than anyone else—and it is a

rather special way—has begun to fill that role. They are very different men, but they are also very much alike: with a compassionate sensitivity for the folks of our society who have too little."

This speech was at least one measure of how far Ted Kennedy has come. The man who cheered on a tea in college and probably led at Chappaquiddick has been transformed into the conscience of the Senate. Extraordinary, but it may very well be.

And of course, when Anderson says someone, he means liberal consensus by definition.

As I listened to Senator Anderson, I recalled a conversation with Mark Shields, the behind-the-scenes strategist/philosopher of the Democratic party. "The Senate has always had post-men," Shields said. "Robert Taft, Paul Douglas. And now Kennedy." The phrase always meant to be going away to start of the philosopher senator, of all things.

Before the rally where Kennedy was described as the new Hubert Humphrey, his motorcade had driven to the Humphrey graves. Edward Kennedy crossed himself and then stood, head bowed, as he lay on a grassy hill in the early winter graves of his brothers John and Robert.

Later on, we asked how he felt about having Humphrey's marble wrapped around him.

"He passed. He looked awful. He checked."

And then he said: "All these months."

As the liberal consensus that defines Kennedy must make it how far he will go to keep liberalism from following his brothers and Humphrey to an early grave.

Our next stop was Newport, Arkansas, where we were wired to the airport. Senator Kenneth Hodges was supposed to meet us, but he wasn't there. We got in a highway patrol car and headed into town. A few minutes later, we passed Senator Hodges driving in the other direction. Kennedy recognized Hodges, but Hodges didn't recognize Kennedy. While the Arkansas senator walked on out to the airport, the Minneapolis senator stopped at a used-car lot to wait for someone to find us.

We knew we were out of touch when America's leading Catholic politician had to leave from a used-car salesman that there was a new pope. And a Polish pope at that. At first we thought it was a joke.

Then we looked up, and Hodges's brother was driving by in the other direction. He didn't even slow down.

"Here I am running for President," Kennedy moaned, "and I've got Hodges going that way and Hodges going that way. And the national press is here writing about how organized I am. And I'm standing in a used-car lot in Newport, Arkansas."

Finally, Senator Hodges found us.

"How can I run for President," Kennedy asked Hodges, "if I can't get my delegates lined up?"

Well, he finally said it, right there in a used-car lot. ☐

Enjoy the taste of country fresh Salem.

Country fresh menthol. Mild, smooth and refreshing. Enjoy smoking again.

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health.

The ingenious ways a Mercedes-Benz captures the wind—and uses it to improve visibility and comfort

For the engineers of Mercedes-Benz, shaping an aerodynamically "clean" car body is only a first basic step.

Three years of wind-tunnel experience and the study of automotive aerodynamics have led them to an ingenious second step: harnessing the airflow that swirls constantly over and around a moving car and putting it to efficient use—outside and inside.

Window-cleaning wind

For instance, it wasn't enough for the engineers to give the driver as much side and rear glass as possible, for optimum visibility. They also wanted to keep that glass as clear as possible, come rain or sleet or grime. And they went into the wind tunnel in search of ways.

One way can be seen in the unique moldings that frame the windshield, side and rear windows. They actually form an aerodynamically sophisticated sucking system, carefully angled and channeled to

help divert the airstream away from that side and rear window glass—whisking rain, sleet and grime else where.

A fence with a difference

Even the rub rail—that horizontal steel and rubber strip on either body side—was meant to play its part in keeping those side windows clean.

Wind tunnel tests showed that, if skillfully shaped and placed, it could also serve as a flow fence—routing the airflow pattern along the body sides to deflect sleet and mud flung up by the front wheels so it can't splatter the side glass.

The engineers used wind-tunnel expertise to control the airflow swirling around the outside rearview mirror. The mirror's windshield face is shaped to create an airflow that helps keep the glass free of rain and road film.

Tailfins use the wind

Aerodynamic research helped Mercedes-Benz engineers harness

the power of the wind to help "scrub" the car's tailfins free of sleet and mud, keeping them visible longer in foul weather.

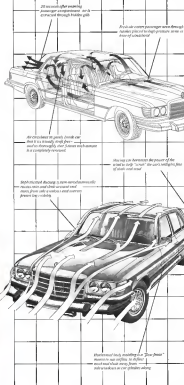
With the outer surface of the rear lights deeply ribbed, the recessed vertical fins remain free of deposits since they are not affected by the circulating motion of the vortex.

A simple idea, spawned only after many long hours of testing in the wind current.

Cleaner windshield—cooler brakes

Aerodynamic principles help keep the windshield wipers pressed far against the glass as they work. Objective: to prevent high-speed turbulence from suddenly lifting the blades.

The wheels on a Mercedes-Benz are intended less to catch your eye than to capture the wind. Multiple slots in each wheel scoop a steady stream of cooling air to the brakes within.



Airflow you can feel—inside

The ventilation system of a Mercedes-Benz uses aerodynamics in the cause of human comfort. Fresh air supply is gathered via intakes placed in a high pressure zone at the base of the windshield, then ducted into the passenger area.

So carefully is the airflow through the cabin regulated that although constantly in motion, it is usually draft free. So efficiently is the airflow processed that the cabin's fresh air supply is completely renewed three times a minute.

Starting from numerous forward outlets, the air in its 20 second journey circulates around the cabin until drawn into a low pressure area at the rear—there it is silently collected through hidden grills.

The five level climate control system used in most Mercedes-Benz cars can create a wide range of human climates, aided by a radial blower capable of generating eight different levels of airflow—even when the car is standing perfectly still.

Capturing the wind in these ways is an exacting science. But Mercedes-Benz thinks the resulting visibility gains help make useful contributions to safety and comfort.

And in the search for more efficient automobiles, no step forward can be too small.



This restaurant is far better than anything one can find in San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, or Washington, D.C. It's on a par with New York's three best

Are you one of those people with aphantasia, that is, the Mac-janet: teen age cabbie who asked when he learned that I had flown all the way from New York just to have dinner at Le Francais, in Wood-

The answer to his first question would depend on just how exquisite his girlfriend's taste is and also on whether a young cabdriver operating in the suburbs of Chicago has the \$40 to \$50 per person that a really fine dinner with wine would run at this life-flung outpost of haute cuisine. The answer to his second question is a smooching and unanswerable "Yes!"

More Shorsten is the restaurant critic of The New York Times.

Everying except the blond (also called *hottel*) domestic and peony-pink (*de champagne*) is made in these provinces, including two of the most remarkable sorbets: *hars* (made out of a raspberry) and *de champagne* (which really tastes the same flavor of that sparkling wine). Also made here are all of the pastries, an assortment of jellies (the numbers seven or eight varieties daily) and the sweetest in Lyon with its tiny pink filling studded with bright green flecks of pistachio, and yet all prepared of soft cream. Currently, the chocolate, expressing with its own Bourne blanc, is being in production that satiny, ivory, French chocolate with especially rich milk for buyers from a Wisconsin dairy.

Given the size of the menu and its intricacies and the fact that this 30-seat restaurant serves 120 to 140 guests six nights a week, it is easy to see why Blanche's seat numbers (twenty-eight kitchen and dining room personnel [many of whom work ten to twelve hours a day]) and why the kitchen

For the French-trained, Banquet, such assignments are bread to the bone. Now thirty-seven, he began as an apprentice at eleven, working for 32 a month (it was given soon and bonfire for three pears in the Harle Terminus, in Rouen, France, and he was sent to the family home, a monument of the Thompson family. After two years at La Pyramide and one year with Paul Rouen, Banquet went to the Harle de Paris, in Monte Carlo, their lowest chef manager at Eden Roc, in Cip d'Amber. He considers his greatest luck to have been a job as chef in a gambling casino in London where the high rollers were fed the most level of most on the house. "I didn't think of it as about the best," says Banquet, "but I did." Banquet said not much about his work of excellence in his house. "I could make anything I wanted to, and we served the

When he decided that the next step should be his own restaurant, Bandholz chose Wharfing for a number of reasons far more sound than one night gigs at first glance. He ruled out the obvious choice of Chicago because he felt first, it would be far more expensive and less in-

Agile Frenchman Louis Sanchez, owner-chef of the Whiting, shows customers stands before posters depicting seafood.

Agile Frenchman Jean Sanchez, owner-chef of the Wobbling Abacus restaurant, stands before posters depicting his food.



Before a guest orders, he is shown an array of appetizers and entrees. Most like the fish and the steak, which are displayed separately on trays. The fish is kept hot under the cover of the serving wagon, the poultry, wrapped around the succulent, fatty sausage, cooked in total darkness.

In evaluating the overall price, it must be said that there are far too many dishes done on credit, a weakness Bouchet admits. "For one, I do not like many things this way," he said. "But they have a lot of appeal to my clientele, and they are convenient for me on Friday and Saturday nights because they are all ready to be heated off when ordered and so save time in the kitchen." But to get the best of what Le Franchise has to offer, outside power is crucial: coming in the guest pile or that subtle sousveillance de la part de la cuisine, a drop under pleasant torches bathed with subtle juice and blue jets and topped with a crisp, dry, and saucy poultry crust. If it is the most spectacular soup here, it is not the only convincing one. The Provencal fish soup with its shrimp and lobster and perfectly moulted sauce, is the best I have ever eaten, and the clam soup gilded with saffron and studded with cream is clear poetry.

Not that it is easy to resist other appetizers in favor of soup. The importance of pork—fillet of pork and duck, duck legs with Armagnac, various game and meat pies—is good and copious enough to

make a memorable meal in itself. So is the fish pie, good cold but wondrous when hot, as are the warm steaks of lobster, scallops, and chicken with three sauces—sauce, lobster, and beurre blanc. Any of these would be a better choice than the assorted seafood platter.

Between courses, waiters suggest a glass of cooler or champagne, or a nice slice of the already mounting tab. The best of the latter is a cake made of one very chunky and more basic is an egg-wasabi dressing, if it has not been given a palatable topping of garlic as it was one night a few weeks ago.

Main courses are simply graced, sometimes poorly so, as each comes with a side dish of olive or leaf vegetables. But have been on the plate early in the evening and that are then heated to order in a microwave oven. The result, while acceptable, are hardly up to the lively brilliance of the rest of the food and could easily be discarded.

Perhaps the weakest course at Le Franchise is dessert, far most of the offerings on the pastry cart look a little better than they taste. Knapshots well worth ordering include the saffron, dark, flourless gâteau chocolate, the creamy, wonderfully vibrant lemon tart, the open raspberry cake, and the berquettes Normandes, choc-

olate-glazed boxes of puffery filled with a mixture of chestnut and apple puree and a hint of the apple brandy, Calivado. But not risk when you order from such a counter, ask for one of the individual puff pastries first, be it pear or apple. These are baked to order, agree as it Michel Gaudin's, and all have a crackling-crisp caramelized glaze.

Even coffee beans are ground just before brewing, and the result is bracing and restorative.

There is a large wine list at Le Franchise, representing a very mixed bag of selections from the most obscure to the most intricately prestigious. All are overpriced by about one third. There is a wide if underqualified choice in the \$19-to-\$23 range, a few bottles at \$190 each, and many in the \$15-to-\$150 category.

Now, to Le Franchise list to be considered a wonder, and considering Jean Bouchet's youth, ability, and dedication, it is likely to remain so.

Le Franchise, 349 South Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606. Telephone (312) 341-7470. Dinner served Tuesday through Sunday, starting at 6 P.M. and 9:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday. Closed Monday. Credit cards: Visa, MasterCard, American Express. Check in on if it is closed in January or for vacation.

You may have to hunt for this one.



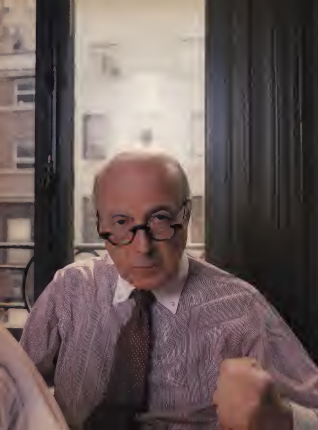
The Lord Calvert Wood Duck Ceramic. A rare species.

The North American Wood Duck—a game bird as distinctive as the Lord Calvert Canadian whiskey it holds—highly glazed and brilliantly plumed, the Lord Calvert Wood Duck stands 10

inches tall and costs approximately \$35 the ceramic. And because it is a limited edition, you won't find the woods full of them. If you need help tracking one down, just write Lord Calvert Wood Duck, 375 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, we'll try to help you find one. But don't wait too long. The season is very short.



LORD CALVERT
CANADIAN



Eliot 'Calamity' Janeway: An Old Bear Who's Largely Bull

The country's best-known economist has made a fortune peddling gloom. Now his troubles may be worse than ours

by Chris Welles

If we can't get interest rates down, it's gonna make 1979 look like a picnic! LAWN PARTY! That Janeway thundered. He had been talking for close to three hours in several languages. "You fat cat!" (as he had earlier described them to us) and their wives in the over-air-conditioned ballroom of the Hilton, in downtown Madrid, Texas. But nobody was screaming. Nobody was fiddling with his coffee cup or napkin. Their eyes were fixed on Janeway as intently as if he had announced he intended to drill us all well right on the spot.

Janeway was sitting at them just as intently. His heavily lined eyes were peering warily out of his grizzled head and over half-glasses that had slid down to the end of his nose. His furrowed brow reminded a money man, Grinley, his voice with its drawl, compellingly rhythmic cadences rising to a shout, then falling to a whisper, he was telling us of an America in deep trouble, of unacceptant national leadership, self-inflicted inflation, rampant depression, central bankers gazing up against us, foreign businessmen making our mistakes, foreign leaders knocking down our dollar. "The dollar has become like a hyacinth at an international convention of dogs," he said. It was time for Americans to assert their right to fight back with bold actions like breaking up OPEC. "What's wrong?" he said softly. "... WITH STICKING IT TO THEM..." he shouted. He peered and looked around the room. "THE SAME WAY THERE'S SUCH STICKING IT TO US!" "America has been going for too long. It's time for us to start getting it."

'You know, let's fight,' a man sitting at

Chris Welles is a contributing editor of *Business*.

my table said to me just in particular.

"I'm not telling you about the book and the best way *The Wall Street Journal* does," Janeway said. "I'm telling you about the world as it really is."

Janeway, it was clear, knew how the world really was because he personally knew the people who made it that way. "I've known all the Presidents since Hoover... including Reagan," he said. The best fit into his laughter. "But since you've known me, you've known them all!" The best fit into his laughter again. "The problem is getting them to give some attention to folks like you." The best fit into his laughter. "I got a call from the White House this afternoon. The question was, 'How do we get these interest rates down?' I said to them, 'Well, that's progress. At least you know you don't know. At least the problem has caught your attention.' He had talked to other people who knew Reagan had called the other night. John Connally had called. Barack Bayh had called.

At the end of the speech, the Madrid bar cars gave him a standing ovation. "He has a lot of ideas. I haven't even thought of before," said a stockbroker in the local office of Shearman Hayden Stone. "I didn't realize how dumb I was as an economist until I listened to him. I mean, this is a guy who calls in to the President, who knows all the high people in Washington... He's an impressive man."

People crowded around Janeway. "You tell it like it really is," said a young woman, her eyes glancing. "I never heard anybody tell it like it really is before. Who would happen if we didn't have someone like you to tell us these things?"

Janeway looked down at her grumpy. He got his arm around her shoulder. "That's what worried me," he implied.

But we will do have him Janeway. At any time, he is perhaps the country's best-

known, most read, and most visible economist, whose views are followed regularly by millions of Americans. He has written five books and published two newspapers. His columns appear in dozens of publications, including the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Washington Star*, *New York Daily News*, and *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*. He is a regular guest on radio and television shows. He makes several speeches a month—for as much as \$1,000 a shot—in groups all over the country. His face has become familiar to millions of American viewers through continuous advertisements for such products as Mazda cars, McDonald's hamburgers, and savings and loans. Janeway Publishing and Research Corporation, whose sole product is Eliot Janeway, has grown into a media conglomerate with a staff of twelve professionals, annual revenues of close to \$1 million, and profits of several hundred thousand dollars.

Much of the reason for his notoriety is his doctored public image. At a time when the so-called "dismal science" of economics has become dominated by cartoon men with abstruse mathematical models, Janeway, who dabbles even being called an economist, presents himself as an outgroup, a maverick, a gadfly. He projects credibility. Raymond, chairman of the Glendale Federal Savings, in Los Angeles, which hired Janeway for a series of TV commercials recommending savings accounts, attributes the success of the campaign to the fact that Janeway was "believable. People felt they were hearing from an expert." Janeway's principal stock-in-trade, grim warnings of coming calamities such as stock market crashes and retirement collapses, has come to be widely seen, in the economically ravaged 1970s, as chillingly pertinent and persuasive. He is widely known as "Calamity" Janeway.

Left: Adopting a helpful note to match his characteristic pessimism, Janeway ditches us on the very day of the recovery.

Photographs by Massimo Sestini

NOVEMBER 20, 1979/ENTREPRENEUR 51

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There's a new excitement in small cars. The brand-new 1979 Spirit DL from American Motors. This car's got more than corduroy bucket seats, a sleek instrument panel, sporty looks and a great ride. It's got more than the exclusive AMC Buyer Protection Plan.

This car's got spunk.
The new 1979 Spirit from AMC.



AMC SPIRIT

"You can't find the real Eliot," says a friend. "All you'll find is an artichoke. There are 25 Janeways."

Many of his productions, especially in recent years, have turned out to be rather wild of the mark. In July 1969, for instance, he forswore "a violent depression late in 1970 and early in 1971." Late 1970 and 1971, however, was a time of economic expansion. There was no depression in 1974-75. In November 1971, he said the Dow Jones Industrial Average, then in the 800s, would drop to 500 during 1972. In 1972, however, the Dow never rose lower than 899. In late 1974, he sold a reporter from *People*, with whom the magazine called "obsessive" anxiety, that "with luck, the Dow Jones will rally to 421 by the end of 1975." The Dow was then at the low 600s. In late March, by which time the Dow had risen sharply to the mid-700s, Janeway warned, "The rally is a bear trap." Due to what he called a "world political crisis," he estimated, "I think that [the Dow] will go below 500 in due course of the year... that it will suffer very severely after this rally is broken up." The Dow, though, continued rising most of the rest of 1975 and ended the year at 832. To date, it has not been within 200 points of 500.

Janeway does not appreciate being reminded of such predictions. During a 1975 game appearance on *Wall Street Week*, the public television show, host Louis Rukeyser noted "While your predictions are always made confidently... they're not always right." Janeway, who often uses his temper as a dramatic device, flew into a fury. "What you think you're in a mood company like McDonald's," he blurted. "And he really was a big loose cannon compared to your simplistic shabbiness."

Janeway's mood, though, is no more in line than that of many of his other comments and on-air analysis. And it does not appear to have materially impaired his popularity. Indeed, as Janeway continues to talk, the situation, and even scenes, described here seem to be less a function of accurate accuracy than of the dramatic center of their forecasts.

Yet the *discovery* image is so often proper, like so much else about Eliot Janeway, is deceptive. Janeway is a consummate poseur. Donald Cook, former chairman of American Express, Power and now a partner in *Leisure Partners*, who is an old friend of Janeway's, puts it this way: "Lyndon Johnson once asked Ted Richardson [a former Texas oil man] what kind of person a career man was. Richardson replied, 'It depends on who he's with.' That's

Eliot, too. You can't think of him as one person. He's multifarious. You can't find a real Eliot Janeway. All you'll find is an artichoke. There are twenty-five Janeways."

The *discovery* Janeway is almost total amnesia, the furthest of the Janeways from reality. Away from a microphone, Janeway is generally cheerful and ebullient. Indeed, he is an avowed optimist.

Closer to the reality is Janeway the learned scholar and "student of history," as he sometimes puts it, a pose he often employs to impress people by making for the first time. He can sprinkle his conversation with so many citations from Plutarch and Seneca in French and David Hume that one could easily conclude he was a professional historian who had spent his life in academia. He is married to Elizabeth Janeway, the well-known novelist and critic. His son Bill, a *Wall Street* economist, has a doctorate from Cambridge, his son Matthew, a *Wall Street* editor, has a doctorate from Harvard.

Janeway's own academic credentials, however, are negligible. His postnominals are degrees. Though he has led interviews to believe he is a Cornell graduate, in fact he left shortly before graduation the reasons for which he declined. His subsequent education was confined to three months at the London School of Economics. His career before he started Janeway Publishing and Research consisted mainly of writing for *Time*, *Fortune*, and *Newsweek*. Though he has published two scholarly screen books of political and economic history, his writings and especially his speeches tend to be caustic, disjointed, elliptical, and lacking an overall coherence or framework. They are also incoherent, dissonant, and lacking in a consistent application of logical analysis. His waffling of editors, in which he darts in all of his columns and books, may engage in an often being struggle to avoid order from chaos. "It's a strain of consciousness," says a former staff member. "He will get off on tangents. You have to keep getting him back on the track." His mental processes are essentially incoherent and impulsive. "He doesn't do research the way most people think of it," says Amanda Binkley, his ex-wife. "He doesn't have to pore over books. It's in his head." "I compute it up out of the interview," Janeway adds. "I'm sixty-five, and I've been around."

Very few economists and investment professionals take Janeway seriously. "He's off in his own world," says Albert T. Summers, the widely respected chief economist of the Conference Board. "None of the practicing or teaching economists I know communicate with him or listen to what he says." His indifference to a private meeting, as we shall see later, has been both easier and sometimes disastrous.

Though his work tends more to fiction than to reality, Janeway's economic expertise is at best Janeway's daily for McDonald's.

ance over much cheaper straight prostitution. Insurance salesman also aggressively push while he, when, under some, build up large sums for insurance companies. But nearly all disappointed financial advisers agree that it is a better buy for most people. Janeway has not disclosed his fees to the insurance industry in his column.

The Phoenix Medical ad, as well as his television ads, kept some newspaper editors and a member have canceled his column. Buffalo Courier-Express executive editor Douglas L. Turner said the Phoenix ad was "patently grossed out." "It is sick," every writer has a right to be paid for his statements," Janeway replied. "I have never made a statement to suit a sponsor."

A few years ago, Janeway recommended in his column that readers consider investing in a mutual fund called Crystal Precipitation Fund. He did not mention that he was a paid economic adviser to the fund. When Robert Mitz pointed out those facts in *The New York Times*, Janeway wrote a letter to the editor. "The threat of Mr. Mitz's column in today's paper appears to be that I should never interview a client," he said. "Since my clients and subscribers include many of the most interesting, forward-looking and judiciously entrepreneurial and managers in America, this would hardly be to the interest of the readers of my column."

Janeway has occasionally experienced difficult problems with his relationships, and some have disappeared spectacularly behind, as John Everett points out. "He has almost never been able to sustain a long-term relationship with people in business or politics at the same level." To understand why, one must appreciate that Janeway is an extremely proud man. The public figure Janeway has may be the admirable decision makers, but he considers no secondary status. Janeway quite likely will have struggled to be introduced in a particular advertisement. But once a relationship is established, Janeway clings to it for many years. Asked if he knows a certain politician, Janeway attempts. "He knows me," he says emphatically. "Janeway doesn't have to try to find out what's important," says Michael Rinkel, who privately admires Janeway's thinking. "People call him up and tell him." Janeway is notorious for avoiding the check at lunches. "Most people assume Eliot is a cheap skate," says a friend. "And to a certain extent he is. But there's not the real point. He wants you to have to pay for the privilege of meeting with him."

Janeway's need to feel he is in the primary position often leads him into difficulties with his typical good pen quo relationships. Like any better deal, questions often arise over the relative value of the goods and the quos. Janeway thinks he often gives too much. "If I've made mistakes in that regard," he says, "it was letting you

LBJ found he didn't need Eliot. Janeway knew moneyed people, but not the big moneyed people.

put me close to me, because I suffer from a weakness. I'm a generalist."

Some of his friends, though, see it somewhat differently. Often, Janeway will appear more than the other person than the other person wants to give and will push the relationship too hard. "A lot of people feel they have been used by him," says John Everett. "He is very Marxist about it. I used to tell him he was building bridges and then blowing them up."

The root problem is that Janeway often overstates what he is going. Mills and Lance found a Janeway relationship worthwhile, but even others have not. Before coming to New York, Rupert Murdoch, the city's newest press lord, was introduced to Janeway and decided to accept him. "He paid him a modest retainer for a couple of years," Murdoch says. "The idea was that he could be useful to us with his contacts. However, after a while I found I was getting nothing for it, so I stopped it. . . . He presents himself very strongly as a man with people. People who don't know how to give us to him to start with and then there's a period of disillusionment."

When he is unappreciated after standing himself, Janeway can become irate and even vindictive. When he learned that Janeway referred to Murdoch in "my close friend" Now, to just become a gossip column in Murdoch's *New York Post* ran a couple of obscene items about his adversities, Janeway regularly knocks Murdoch, whom he calls "this hard."

After becoming acquainted with New York governor Hugh Carey, Janeway actively supported Carey's 1978 gubernatorial campaign. When Carey then did not succeed, Janeway's preferential animus, Janeway turned on him also. "I cut him off," Janeway says. "I took his calls when he wanted help, and he got it. Now he's about he wanted to be, and I don't take his calls."

Janeway's most important—and probably best—relationship, which ultimately shattering, was with Lyndon Johnson. Janeway later explained that he "broke" with Johnson over LBJ's excellence of the Vietnam War, for which he publicly criticized Johnson. The however, was not the case. As a former associate of Janeway's put it, "Eliot doesn't break with Presidents over policy matters."

Janeway had met Johnson in the late 1950s, when Johnson was first elected to Congress. For many years, the two were

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close. "They generally liked each other," says Michael Janeway, who once worked for Johnson. "But it was never their a friendship. Johnson thought my old one was well connected with the media. New York, the Wall Street crowd, the money world."

During the late 1930s, however, as Johnson began considering a presidential nomination and began exploring ways to finance a campaign, his attitude toward Janeway began to change. Says one individual who was closely involved with the two men during that period, "Everyone knew money people, but not big money people. The people Janeway knew were rock-ribbed, and some lawyers, more political people, not the establishment money... They wouldn't touch him, he had the characteristics of a frontier LBJ—unsupervised Janeway's influence." Johnson took a dislike to these characteristics too and began viewing close, or more formally connected individuals, such as Arthur Karp of United Artists and New York attorney Edwina Waud. Michael Janeway says the bond between the two men derived mainly from his father's opposition to LBJ's acceptance of the vice-presidential nomination in 1960. He adds, "Maybe they rubbed each other the wrong way. It had become a bit of a Randolphe situation. Am I sure you or are you sure?"

When Johnson became President in 1968, some of Janeway's friends thought this Janeway nevertheless expected that Johnson would reward him for his years of loyal friendship with a major appointment—specifically Secretary of the Treasury or head of the Council of Economic Advisors. Janeway's Janeway soon he expected to become a ranking member of LBJ's brain trust. Either would have been a spectacular payoff for his years of network building. But Johnson never asked Janeway to join the administration.

Janeway's account of his relationship with Johnson after he entered the White House is filled with stories of Johnson becoming infuriated with Janeway's public criticism of his policies, of Johnson retaliating against Janeway by getting newspapers to publish his columns, of Johnson persistently attempting, and Janeway refusing, reconciliation.

Sources with intimate daily knowledge of Johnson during this period say the situation took differently. "I never heard the President use one word, good or bad, about Janeway," says one. "I just wanted to have access to the White House desperately. I think that maybe LBJ didn't need Janeway anymore. I guess [Johnson] did Janeway the worst disservice you can do—to a fellow who wants to be close to a President. He just didn't mention [Janeway's] name or think about him."

During the early years of the Johnson Administration, according to one source, Janeway approached a foreign ambassador

about becoming a consultant to the ambassador's country for a substantial sum of money. Janeway refused that he was very close to Lyndon Johnson and that Johnson often sought his counsel. But to verify Johnson's discretion of his access, the ambassador called a friend in the White House, who made a complete examination of Johnson's list of all incoming telephone calls since he had become President. There was no record of calls to Eliot Janeway or from Janeway that Johnson had accepted.

The same parties that provide Janeway's strong for senior political success and numerous business relationships also provide the management of his private investments. Though he does not publicly disclose the list, he regularly uses his media outlets to promote ventures that he and his company are involved in. Over the past year for instance, he has frequently recommended South African gold stocks in his columns, newsletters, speeches, and in his seminars. Janeway has offered his media and seminars that he and his company have what Malinda Korbel calls a "healthy portion of our investments" in the state securities. As Korbel explains, "We practice what we preach."

A more specific example in Mexico Incorporated, a small St. Louis health insurance concern. Though Mexico has operated in the red for the past eight years, Janeway has provided the company with its seminar and as one of his executives he has not disclosed, though, the details of his personal involvement with the company. He is a major investor in Mexico, is a joint economic adviser to it, has arranged financing for it, sold equity and shares to its board of directors, and is a business partner of its president. Says the president, Richard Ross, "He's been tremendously helpful in having others become interested in it." Asked why he has disclosed his stock interest to the company, Janeway replies, "I don't think that's relevant. I want to be private with you. I want to be with that kind of thing."

The gold stocks have done very well for Janeway, and Mexico may also. But the same cannot be said for some of his other investments. For years, Janeway has told outsiders that he is bullish on real estate. In particular, he is bullish on real estate in one of his books. "I could not be more optimistic about land values in Florida." Practicing that proclamation, Janeway during the mid-1970s organized a group of investors, mainly Wall Street and business fronts, to buy a 1,000-acre parcel of land near Tampa. It became Janeway's largest direct investment in real estate.

Janeway assured the others that the land was directly on the path of local development and would eventually yield a handsome profit. But as the years went by, development around Tampa moved in other directions. The land remained undeveloped. It rose so slowly in value that each

A staunch defender of Bert Lance, Janeway also received \$400,000 in loans from his banks.



At home with novelty wife Elizabeth

if an all of the mortgage was taken up by taxes and mortgage payments, for which Janeway was frequently teased. By the early 1970s, a number of the investors were so irate that they demanded Janeway have them bought out. Reluctantly, he agreed. Eventually all of the investors took back a mortgage on the property but not much more than their investment. For one investor who had paid \$40,000 into the property, against he will be lucky to get that much back out of it. Considering the amount he could have earned if that money had been invested elsewhere, his loss cut to many thousands of dollars. "It was a typical Florida land deal," he says sarcastically.

The Florida property was small change compared to Janeway's experience with Realty Equities Corporation, which was his largest business investment. What it was all over, Janeway says Janeway has no investment in the company, about \$2-3 million before taxes that the damage to the network may have been each greater.

Realty Equities was founded in 1974 by Morris Karp, an ambitious young real estate builder. During was \$2 million in apartment buildings and other properties. Karp built the company by the end of the 1960s into a sprawling conglomerate with 3500 offices in seven states. Like so many other 1970s investments, though, Realty became financially overextended, especially from a number of ill-fated acquisitions outside the real estate field. During the money

crashes and the aged economy of the early 1970s, it fell deeply into the red.

But Realty's troubles were more than financial. In 1978, the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) charged Realty and Republic National Life Insurance Company of Dallas and several of the company's executives, including Morris Karp, with having perpetrated one of the largest and most serious financial frauds in history. What had happened, according to the SEC, was this: In 1944, during Realty's boom days, Republic had made some large loans to the company. When Realty's fortunes slumped, Republic's chances of getting paid back became questionable. Republic, though, was both to write the loans off and adjust its poor judgment to stockholders. Instead, beginning in 1973, it re-evaluated its loans as a "bad investment." In the SEC's words, then, in 1974, Janeway won Realty a choice one of good money after bad, the total eventually reached nearly \$100 million. Republic, said the SEC, had two goals. One was to give Realty a new lease on life by injecting its financing. Republic in hopes that it might someday be able to survive on its own. The other was to permit Realty, in the meantime, to funnel money right back to Republic in the form of loan payments so that Republic could wind up its sale and suffer its own income. According to the SEC, "The case presents an outrageous example of misuse and abuse of loans of the insurance laws" that constituted "the waste of millions of dollars in corporate assets" and "maximize and prolonged schemes to defraud shareholders."

Realty and Republic accepted a consent decree a few months after the SEC complaint. Under the decree, as to the loans in such settlements, Realty and Republic neither admitted nor denied the SEC charges but agreed to take immediate action. The following year, though, Morris Karp was indicted on six counts of securities fraud, for having obtained \$2.5 million from two other companies for Realty's benefit. He pleaded guilty to one count, issued from Realty, and was sentenced to thirty days in jail. Realty eventually filed for bankruptcy.

For nearly all of its existence, Eliot Janeway was a member of Realty Equities' board of directors.

After Karp was indicted, Janeway was given the full fledged company credit. After joining the board in 1981, he soon became deeply involved in Realty's affairs. "Eliot was the second most important person in the company," says Brenda Davidson, a former Realty executive who worked "He gave it credibility. He was one of the major assets a group. He opened doors. Through him, Realty was able to raise a tremendous amount of money. He knew one of his friends on the board of directors, talked friends into buying thousands of shares of Realty stock. "People go into anything I go into," says Janeway, and received most of his own

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ants and that of Janeway Publishing and Janeway into the company Janeway, along with assets offered him with worth \$60,000 shares, probably the second largest shareholder after Karp.

In return for his help, Karp paid Janeway over the years at least \$38,000 in various fees. And he enabled Janeway to generate other income through an internal real estate transaction with the company, namely sale and leaseback deals. Karp even gave Janeway a \$400,000 mortgage to the Florida property. Karp never paid Janeway for payments on the mortgage.

Janeway has often used reasons to cut their losses and sell out quickly when a situation turned bad. Yet through his opposed many of Karp's ambitious speculations in the last 16 years, Janeway lived and with the company until November 1977, soon after the frauds he had put on the board were fit to resign. "For a sophisticated man, Eliot was surprisingly glib," says Jerome Reichel. "He's a people person, the public on people. He believes. He scales off Morris with a question, like why were they losing so much money, and whatever Morris said Eliot would believe." Janeway today contends, "I made a bad mistake on a fellow."

It is difficult to judge just how much Janeway knew about the relationship between Realty and Republic. In his 1973 testimony before the SEC, Janeway disavowed any involvement in specific transactions. But between 1969 and 1972, Janeway was chairman of Realty's finance committee. He clearly was aware of dealings between Realty and Republic. In 1970, Janeway accompanied Karp as a key witness in a lawsuit between Realty Inc. In 1973, Karp told the SEC "I talk to [Janeway] virtually every day of the week. Usually it is a number of times a day." Janeway told the SEC "I think that I would say that I've had frequent contact and advice for contact with the outside world, the world outside his special world of real estate investment. Everything to do with his financing problems, with his dealings with people in the business, to the various business, primarily on his objective, as, for example, what is your objective to maximize earnings or minimize debt. The balance sheet of the income statement, his posture with respect to his auditors. Corporate affairs from A to Z, I would say."

Asked about Realty's dealings with Republic, Janeway testified that "I have been quite informed of it in a present, step by step."

Janeway told the SEC that he was aware, in particular, of a transaction that the SEC later alleged was among the "height of bad management" employed by Realty to fraudulently pump money into Realty. In 1971, Realty paid \$13,500,000 for a tract of raw land in the Adairville, Kentucky. Subsequently, Republic gave Realty what the SEC charged was an inflated

Reflecting on
a personal loss of
millions, Janeway
says, "I made a bad
mistake on a fellow."

\$13,500,000 mortgage on the land. The money, \$13,300,000, and the SEC was later told eight back to Republic. Asked by the SEC what Karp told him about how he was able to obtain such a large mortgage from Republic, Janeway said, "He told me that he bargained them in a posture that was profitable for Realty."

Janeway today says he knew that "Realty was getting money on a more basic, it was being circulated right through Realty and back to Republic." He says he knew that "when they [Republic] did to him [Karp] was fraudulent." But he contends that "I don't think that what he did with them was fraudulent." Whether the case, Janeway did manage being charged by the SEC for having inquired the truth.

That, however, was about all Janeway escaped. The \$2-3 million that he owes to Realty lost on Realty nearly wiped out his savings and subjected Janeway to Realty and Publishing to a severe financial crash. The crash was what probably convinced the Lancer loans and mortgages. Many of his friends who also were loans, both directly and as investors in Janeway Ventures Incorporated. Janeway Ventures was a private company organized in the late 1950s for the purpose of "investing in special situations of interest to me with long-term appreciation in mind."

As Janeway put it, "About twenty of my friends were investors. Janeway Ventures was, unfortunately, was a one-fifth interest in the Florida property and securities in Realty Equities. Janeway says that Janeway Ventures is now "dead."

The psychological impact may have been more severe. Janeway considered a "very embarrassing." "It was the worst blow in his life," says a close friend. "It was terrible, devastating, like the death of a close member of the family. To the end, he felt Karp would pull off a miracle. When he heard that Realty had finally gone bankrupt, all he could say was, 'I can't believe it. I can't believe it. I can't believe it.'"

The impact on his reputation was perhaps worse of all. As he found Ben McGraw, a partner at Lazard Freres, says it, "That has lost some of his credibility." Another friend "I know a lot of his friends who were harmed by Realty who were not just having anything to do with him anymore. And there are a lot of others who feel he was a crook. They feel Janeway was at the center of the thing and he must have

known what was going on even if he did not pull off."

Janeway lost more than Karp," adds it. Another acquaintance "Karp was convinced that he is back making a lot of money. Eliot will never make it back. Janeway has only one thing to tell his reputation and that was terribly tarnished by Realty Equities."

Influence, access, reputation—the commodities that Janeway deals in—are hard to measure. Yet one criterion help to conclude that Janeway's network has begun to crumble.

As if Realty Equities was not enough, Janeway has simultaneously been hit hard by the effects of the post-Watergate political morass, which has recently helped strip him power. But those dear negotiators Washington friends Vance Smith, whose name has often been linked with scandals was defined for reelection. W. B. Hall left the House in disgrace. And then Janeway is meeting a possible federal grand jury indictment. In recent years, Janeway seems to have been putting his money on too many of the wrong kind of fellows.

Janeway still gets a lot of phone calls. And he has some current relationships with contacts such as senators Russell Long, Gaylord Nelson, and Henry Jackson. Yet one of these contacts matches these he has lost. Says an aide to one of these senators, "Janeway's just one of lots of people whom the senator knows in." Janeway's close of minute advice, says the aide, "is a waste of time." Guys like Janeway tend to go overboard.

In mid-September, The Washington Star discontinued regular publication of Janeway's Sunday column, his principal forum for major policy pronouncements, in the financial section, though it was carried occasionally in the paper's "Commentary" section. The new editors of the Star, who have taken over since Time Inc. bought the paper, simply left the column was out worth the space. When he heard of the decision, Janeway frantically started to call the network on his behalf. "Come on, write some letters," he begged at one acquaintance. The star work was not very forthcoming. A couple of times later, Janeway sent, a few by air-mail. In the Star's newsmaking in division? "No way," replies Murray Galt, the paper's new editor.

But Janeway still has his constituency. They still love him in Terre Haute and Madison. Yet it would seem only a matter of time before his constituents begin to shake that Janeway's network may be shaking, that his access may be closing, that his influence may be fading.

"What would happen if we didn't have someone like you to tell us these things?" the young woman had asked. "That's what we want us," Janeway had replied. He may have spoken with more truth than he knew. *

The inside story
of a newsman
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The Bugaboos: Skiing the Ultimate

Only a helicopter can get you to this remote corner of British Columbia. Only an expert should go there

by Stephen Birnbaum

In the glorious state of relative string expertise, I guess I'd characterize myself as a mildly competent skier—down there. In the Bugaboo Mountains, in British Columbia, that kind of ability qualifies one for making both the scrambling and the skiing.

The some of these extraordinary peaks is no way conveys their status in the very top of the world's ski challenges. I suppose that the run down from Silverst would have to be characterized as more difficult and the north slope of the Mustangs would be no more steep. But with the exception of these magnificent peaks, no pure skiing terrain even compares for difficulty and danger. And the fact that this desolate corner of British Columbia has actually been named to offer organized approaches to these peaks is a minor miracle.

Skiing these mountains is an elite experience and is not meant for the faint of heart. So the bus carrying each week's three-and-a-half-dozen experts from Calgary to the Bugaboo staging area usually includes a few cross-section of the world's finest skiers. These mountains are where skiers come when they have conquered the world's other snow-covered challenges and where the search is made in no time for the ultimate downhill run.

During our week last February, when I made my own way into the Bugaboos, our party of forty-two hardy souls included six Europeans (who'd just left the Alps to try to make their mark in the Canadian Rockies), a few Americans from Aspen (who'd just conquered everything that resembled an extreme run to offer), two Japanese (who spoke no English but skied like the wind), and a representative number of miscellaneous types who looked a little too fit to have put upon much of their lives debauched. From Las Angeles, Montreal, Tokyo, and Munich, this group had come together to make tracks in the world's largest accumulation of skiable virgin powder, on slopes that have never known the hint of a ski lift or the rudiments of an organized lift line.

Until about a dozen years ago, these slopes had never felt the weight of a ski or pole. Then Hans Gmoser found them. Nowadays, the skiers along Gmoser's border on the sporadic, though he is still alive, race, and very much in charge of the helicopter-skiing expert he created, called Canadian Mountain Holidays. It's almost too obvious to say that Gmoser has brought skiing to the Western Hemisphere to new heights.

He arrived in Canada in the early 1950s "with just some change in my pockets. I found some work in a hamburger in British Columbia, and that's how I came to spot the Bugaboos." The story goes that he first hiked to the top of the Dogroo Spire

in the summer of 1959 and was soon leading mountaineering expeditions into these peaks. Six years later, in 1965, he found a helicopter route to join him in a helicopter assault on these same mountain slopes he had climbed himself only the year before. So extraordinary was this experience that the helicopter-skiing phenomenon now encompasses six separate areas in the south-western corner of the province.

A Sudden, Incredible Loneliness

The bus from Calgary sounded a little like a mobile locker room as the passengers began to put on the string equivalent of their jacket flaps, isolating one another's coverings with jagged plastic instead of moderate expense. There was lots of talk of custom "cords" and Aspen's slopes were discussed by their names as "packed and grooved," "Red Kisser," and "Mystery" were compared for "cumber" and other properties, and when the figurative backslapping and posturing ended, there were led Pig Wilson expressions and a rare, that necessary number of skiers with perfect-fall water pants. The average age of the bus passengers must have been in the thirties, but the feelings were strictly early teens.

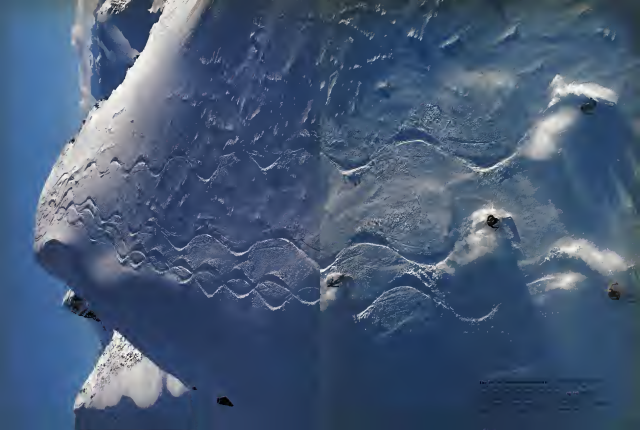
The ride from Calgary is disarmingly peaceful. A stop at the hot springs in Redoubt is momentary of every time bus ride through any particularly scenic sector of countryside. In fact, there is really no sense of personal proximity to the surrounding mountains until the bus reaches the staging area for the Bugaboos in the dusky British Columbia corridor called Spillimashine. The nearly 200-mile ride through Banff and Kootenay national parks, both disarmingly beautiful and unspoiled by a deep snow of snow, never provides any feeling of the physical power or the reality of dealing with the surrounding mountains. The reason of the bus is deeply protective, and the atmosphere is temperatures made of popcorn first times for the slip of the windwhipped minus-25 degree temperatures that swirl outside.

There's also something indelibly eerie about the bus ban unloading all of its human cargo and its gear, together with cans of food and other provisions for the Bugaboo Lodge, in the middle of a desolate field. And there's a similar lack of popcorn run for the feeling of incredible loneliness and the sudden quiet.

Text continued on page 76; picture on page 76

Right: The sensation of carving fresh tracks in virgin snow is an adventure seldom enjoyed by mere mortal skiers. But having a competent skier to share the experience is always reassuring.







A perfect day in the Bugaboo is sunny, crisp, and windless. That's when it's possible to cut endless miles of fresh tracks through snowily impenetrable glaciers and broad snow fields. Plunging down these broad white expanses is like having gone to heaven, with a helicopter hovering overhead to fly you back to the pretty girls just as soon as each run is done.

It was clinched and closed with the naked Norn, a little forward to sleep and defend. Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—got the cold sweat time in this life.

Robert Lowell

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that envelops the shivering group standing there alone out in the top wood at the bus rails back toward the highway. It's only when the whir and clatters-eck of the Bell 213 chopper is finally heard coming down the foggy mountain pass to pick up the group that you get the feeling that this isn't all some dream.

Thirteen skiers and their gear are packed tightly in the Bell's sturdy seats for a trek up to Bugaboo Lodge, nestled in one corner of a high mountain valley about 1,500 meters (nearly 5,000 feet) up in the Bugaboo range. The crevasse that has made the Bugaboos in the Rockies, bringing its kind of submergence, skiers to otherwise inaccessible mountain tops again and again until the dust has exhausted its reservoirs of energy and rage. The lodge is absolutely inaccessible in winter except by helicopter, and it's now a full three-year snow-belted. Along begins its ascent in these hills. But the intervening years and the ride told by someone do nothing to prepare a helicopter novice for the first chopper ride through the ice-filled passes, between fir-filled hills, going higher and higher toward as yet invisible redoubts.

The frozen chatter is now quite subdued. For the scale of men to submerge has never been more dramatically down. The helicopter moves slowly through the mountain as the men sit, keeping its passengers in an unfamiliar suspended relationship with the awesome geography. In the Bugaboo high valley, the crevasse mountain of black rock at the sky, and even in landing there's more than just the best of being the complete presence of the mountain's dimensions.

PRIME AVALANCHE COUNTRY

If an impartial observer had to describe the most basic aspect of the Bugaboos' terrain, he would be compelled to call it prime avalanche country. After all, isn't the avalanche in suspended powder a ten-foot shelf of lonely-packed snow that is about to slide down the mountainside? And this description is not in any sense gratuitous. For more than one skier and mountaineer has been lost to avalanches in these hills. At recently in two winters ago, three expert Canadian skiers perished in the sort of accident that always a peril in these hills. First, a young woman in the first skid a second the track that had been destroyed by the group's guide. The catastrophe among these who saw the accident was that she was suddenly caught in a small avalanche rolling down from the high ridge from which the skiers had come. That first slide was reportedly short and barely buried the woman to her waist. But when her two male companions came quickly to help her out, they triggered another avalanche. The unfortunate man triggered a far greater slide of snow from the opposite side. The six group's guide and the other nine members of the group were promptly where the first was buried, but even the most famous digging couldn't get him to rise.

When you talk about the avalanche danger—or its aftermath, prompt—to helicopter skiers, they make much of the fact that it's probably hard to do in these hills to walk across Fifth Avenue during rush hour. But it's hard to believe that the movement of a single skier could add substantially to the movement of the avalanche, considering its own descent. The prospect of taking one's physical ability against the silent threat of such difficult terrain.

And even the normally soundly helicopter that opened this season in winter carry with them their own amount of danger. Last winter, one of these Bell helicopters was carrying its normal complement of twelve skiers to a peak high in the Manitobas, a neighboring group of mountains equally popular with helicopter skiers. It was the third run of the day to this peak for that chopper; the sky was clear and sunny, and the conditions could only be described as perfect. According to Matt Kingway, who reports the day-in-day experience of Canadian Mountain Holidays, "No one will ever really know what started the crash. We only know the helicopter hit the side of the slope where that same peak had landed snow before that day, but somehow he never made his landing and ended up in a gully." The pilot, the Canadian

The other skiers could see precisely where the avalanche had buried their companions, but even frantic digging could not get them out in time.

on Mountain Holidays guide, and two guests were killed in the crash, and many of the ten others almost were injured.

It takes a lot for an accident to happen in an area as remote as these lands of inherent danger, and the fact of the Bugaboos is that they do offer absolutely extraordinary conditions. In just the Bugaboos alone, the area encompasses some 600 square miles of visible slopes. The precise location of the Bugaboos is in the Purcell range of the Canadian Mountains of British Columbia, in the southwestern segment of the Canadian Rockies. If there's such a thing as a Canadian snow belt, this has to be its buckle. For the average snowfall is 1,200 centimeters a year. That's 472.44 inches, or more than thirty-one feet of frosty flakes.

The geographic location in eastern British Columbia offers optimum snow conditions from December to early May. The great good fortune is that these mountains, for all their depth of flakes, do not seem to get saturated with the heavy wet snow so often prevalent on the West Coast. Instead, they are blessed by light, dry powder of very finely uniform depth, the sort of which most mount skiers love only dream. The truth is usually always covered by what the Canadian Mountain Holidays people themselves describe as "the best, most difficult, and most expensive powder skiing in the world."

It's a check it out. The high seven-mountain peaks that are the major Bugaboo Lodge peaks are packed into accommodations that would take the ten per cent of the Vancouver hotel at a hotel, and five skiers in our group (paying more than \$1,300 apiece for the seven-day package) were crissed into a narrow room (including two double-decker beds and a single cot that the rest of us crowded in one would have slept alone). The room had a view, it's not the best springs that had skiers to this isolated mountain valley.

Some Canadian who wrote Canadian Mountain Holidays' press releases refers to the field as "gourmet," and the line about the sophisticated skiers (the same is used in the line below, a breakfast that includes hot cereal, endless variety-top-ups, bacon, hot cakes, and just about any other conceivable morning marketplace goodies sufficient to combat the chill. And on that first morning, you can cut the crowd with a knife, for the only sound is clanking by the morning. The local morning around the fire of the morning light is being forgotten, and a lot of not-quite-certain first skiers are hanging on to their hangers as able against future enhancement on the slopes.

As soon as breakfast is over, it is time to test the roofing of the surrounding peaks. The night of the first day, which is alone, to the mountain of challenges is almost insurmountable in a week's time. That's not to say an upward trail sufficient snow fields to fill the ridges and crevices. Skiers too heavy with loose snow are marked for later "hanging"—the dropping of dynamic changes in perspective an avalanche before it collapses and snowing skiers. But there are almost always superb slopes on which to do-out, as the brochure puts it, "The snow is very good powder 70% of the time; the other 30% of the time it can be anywhere from not quite perfect to the worst wind or heavy snow you can imagine. The weather seldom is as it is, only dry and easy to manage if there's a drop out to several 30-wind, even. Most of the time the weather is moderate, but accuracy in the mountain we have all kinds of elements."

Though the brochure promotes emphatic wide-open terrain, a given day's chosen slopes can just as easily be ice-filled moun-



The blades of a departing helicopter kick up the loose powder and add substantially to the wind chill factor—but only briefly.

outside. So not only are courage and ability necessary prerequisites, but you must have an ability to handle a broad spectrum of snow and terrain conditions. This is no place for snowplows and automatic skiers. Luckily, the proper technique for handling deep powder hasn't been lost to the generations; whatever the snow-powder ski technique actually taught is less taxing on skiers. All that weight forward, loss-of-the-downhill ski staff to underfoot, and the feeling of back-bank acceleration is more than just a Pepsi Generation phrase or three falls. The idea is to let your ski tips ride high and dangle tail the powder fly.

BE HONEST ABOUT YOUR ABILITY

Prices in the Bugaboos are pegged to the presumed likelihood of perfect snow conditions. The best likely weeks to find Chert A conditions are December 17 to 24 and April 20 to May 6. During each of these weeks, it costs only \$620 for accommodations for one's body in a four- or six-bed room in Bugaboos Lodge. That same dormitory-style accommodation goes for \$1,340 a week for any of the weeks between February 14 and March 11. For the blessing of double occupancy only (without bath), add \$100 to the published rate, and for the almost unheard-of single occupancy (without bath), add \$200.

But the key to prices is usually snow more than just the more stipulated payment for room, meals, and helicopter. What you're really paying for is the assurance of being able to ski no less than 35,500 meters of perfect accommodation within your week's stay. Nonprofits aside, alpine skiers don't work on their turn-of-the-cuff that one meter equals 3.28 feet, so we're talking about just over 100,000 feet of skiing in what usually breaks down into six and a half skiing days. That's even a gambling sport, in the sense that additional amounts of vertical skiing are charged to the ever-increasing advance at the rate of \$14.50 per 1,000 meters, and refunds at the same rate are given if a point gets less than 100,000 meters due to uncertain weather or the breakdown of equipment. (For purposes of relative price and to provide a benchmark for personal physical testing, it should be noted that it's usually possible to ski 60,000 vertical meters (194,000 feet) in a single week and that the maximum record for vertical footage in

Prices are on a scale with the Bugaboos' perfection, but the number of miles you can ski in a week turns the trip into a great bargain.

the Bugaboos is 49,500 meters (127,940 feet).

The six helicopter-riding areas now run by Canadian Mountain Holidays in British Columbia—the alpine to the Bugaboos, there are the Cariboo, Moosheen, and Robby Burn ranges, plus one at Hudson and at Valemount—now bring 3,000 guests a year to these formerly untrammeled hills, and that means that the guides and mountaineers have become more sensitive to skiers less able to manage the terrain—but not easier. This is still not a place to come to try to bluff your way through an afternoon's skiing just to be able to belly up to the bar late in the afternoon and decelerate the resident barman with tales of derring-do. To begin with, there isn't as much of any one, and the money seekers who do do so in these parts are far more likely to do your butt right off the mountain side.

At that first breakfast, senior guide Brent Dietrich could not only have been mounting a Packer attack as trying to gauge the skills of his as yet untested ski troops. He was being nothing if not candid: "The bottom about your ability," he almost barked. "We'll know if you're told in the truth after you've been the slope for ten minutes." As there is no offense way off the hill, sure thing, down, any skier who decides to ignore this warning is likely to end up on an ice sculpture.

The true reality of the morning is just as straightforward. It involves learning the use and necessity of the Skid device that's indispensable for finding avalanche-free-based lines. These items are worn by all skiers at all times while skiing and have saved more than one life. No one wants his skin behind.

For all the implied difficulty and danger, a host of skiers return to these slopes again and again. Many have half of one year's skiing in eight days, or the mountain obviously is worth the risk. But a fair question is who should try this unique seasonal adventure. In this connection, the helicopter-skiing brochure itself is nothing if not frank: "Not unless you are a strong, fit, athletic skier, willing to give your own style ski on. Handle any kind of snow, and unless you are an very good alpine skier, you will be able to handle and to enjoy this skiing experience. You do not get a refund if you quit early because your legs are tired or because the snow is marginal. While our greatest problem is the person or two every year who cannot and cannot handle the skiing, we have also been told that sometimes the difficulty is exaggerated. Some people say they have been scared off because they thought they wouldn't be good enough, only to come and find themselves in the future again." ...

The brochure is equally candid about terrain: "Everything you can imagine between 1,000 and 2,500 meters at the mountain. It is marginal whether we ski mostly in the trees, runs from 600 to 1,000 vertical meters. In good weather we also ski the glaciers and the high open slopes."

And just as there is nothing quite so frightening as the prospect of that first day for the first time, there's nothing more exhilarating than flying home at the end of that first day after a dozen hairy runs that you couldn't even have imagined before. You're now truly stood on the wild side. It's been you and the trees and the snow and a member (not of fresh powder flying but behind your ski tails). The tracks you've made in the snow seem the first ever carved on these hills. The sense of untrammeled slanting from unimpeded exhilaration is not exactly unknown to these perfect runs, and while the perfect runs always elude the demanding skier, the perfect ski run easily makes the return of the helicopter. ☐

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SHADRACH

Fiction by William Styron

Writing in the Fifties of William Styron's first novel, *Lee Dawn as Darkness* (published when Styron was twenty-six and hailed as "one of the finest first novels of his generation"), critic Maxwell Geismar paused in the midst of his enthusiasm to wonder if "we might have a legitimate apprehension after it, not as to the writer's talent, but as to his resilience and reserves." Geismar need not have worried. The reserves endured and delivered (at the reported rate of two and a half to three pages a day) *The Long March* in 1957 and *Set This House on Fire* three years later.

Not long afterward, a fire of sorts was set in Styron's own house when a young black man named James Baldwin paid a five-month visit. Deeply moved by Baldwin's "diamond-bright intelligence," Styron later said of the friendship: "... Jimmy broke down the last shred of whatever final hang-up of southern prejudice I might have had which was trying to tell me that a Negro was never really intelligent—a black Negro, not a, you know, white Negro, but a black, black homely Negro..." With that, Styron plunged into a book whose ideas he had nursed for over fifteen years, and in 1967, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, his famous "meditation on history," was published. By 1968, it had won its author the Pulitzer Prize and released a storm of bitter controversy over the literary, historical, and social implications of a white man speaking with a black man's voice. The debate continues still, though in softer tones now, and perhaps Robert Coles said it best when he wrote: "Styron has written words that will push hard at thousands and thousands of minds. He has awakened us, made us feel more, and in that way given us a rather special glimmer of that elusive thing called 'history' and that terribly concrete thing called 'race.'"

Styron now returns to what he has called the "leitmotiv" of race, and of slavery—the slavery of the black man under the white, of the poor man under the rich, of the old under the young, and of all of us under the ravages of time. Conceived originally as a part of Styron's new novel, *Sophie's Choice*, "Shadrach" became a short story with an integrity and proud energy of its own. It is the first short story William Styron has written in over twenty years.

—E.F.

**The first short story in many years
from one of America's foremost novelists**



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My first summer on earth, in the year 1935, will never leave my mind because of Shadrach and the way he brightened and darkened my life then and thereafter. He turned up as if from nowhere, arriving at high noon in the village where I grew up in Tidewater Virginia. He was a thick-spoken sort of amiable stranger, polished and polite, blue-eyed and graying, a caricature of a creature in a time when every credible Negro graduate was (in the eyes of society, not alone the eyes of a small southern white boy) a combination of Stephen Feltus and Uncle Remus. On that day when he arrived to matriculate before us, fifteen out of the fifteen we were playing marbles. Little boys rarely play marbles; some days but marbles were an obsession. In 1935, some boy peddling the myth in a kids' craze. One could admire these elegant, many-colored spheres to perfection: idyllic rules and rituals, they had a sensual yet dignified simplicity, evoking the cosmic delight—the same sentiment yet evident pleasure—of small precious pieces of jade. Thus, among other things, my dream of Shadrach is bound up with the legendary animal feel of marbles as dog flippers and the odor of cold bare earth on a smothering day beneath a sparsely tree, and still another odor (indistinctly a part of the moment) a hint of rain, surely the industry and agitated sweat which that southern decade christened D.C., which returned from a child named Little Male Delaney, my opponent at marbles. He was ten years old, too, and had never been known to use Lifesaver soap, or any other cleaning agent. Which brings me now enough to the Delaney. For I recall I was sent with the Delaneys in order to try to resolve the decomposing mystery of Shadrach—who after a fashion was a Delaney himself. The Delaneys were not close neighbors; they lived nearby down the road as a rambling southwestern house which lacked a lawn. On the grounds, greatest terror of the front yard was a massive line of overgrown Prunella, dense green, stately, and the remains of two or three ancient automobiles whose scavenged skeletons lay abandoned beneath the prunellas like huge rusted statues. Poking up through these hedges were stems of weeds and hollyhocks, and in a row to the west, well-lit, dark and old, and out parts were a nother of Mr. Delaney, he who did odd jobs, but his primary pursuit was bookkeeping.

Like such noble Virginia family estates as Kaskaskia and Peyton and Tucker and Harrison and Lee and Pritchard and a score of others, the personality Delaney is an enormous site, but

with the person Delaney, born Vance, the name had just about all of its history. He should have gone to the University of Virginia, instead, he dropped out of school in the fifth grade. It was not his fault, nor was it his fault that the town he had so adored in status. It was said that his father in true spirit of the disappointed old tree but a man with a "character defect" and a weakness for the bottle had long ago sold down the second house, leaving his P.F.V. status by marrying a railroad. Marriages or marriages before part from the York River, including perhaps, for the black hair and awkward muddy complexion of the son.

Mr. Delaney—at that time, I imagine he was in his forties—was a rarity, hypersensitive, self-aware, with a usually violent, partly liquid, preoccupied air and a sometimes temporary temper. He also had a remarkably fast mouth, from which I learned my first dirty words. It was with discretion, with the same sedately delighted expressions of evil which have me about eight years later when I was accused by my first girlfriend, that I heard Mr. Delaney in his frequent aspersions of dirty talk and these words filtered into me in my own home. His magnanimity and discretion, his firm smiling air, caused me to shiver with their splendor. I promised his words in secret, deriving from their magnanimous fifth what, as a dark pulsating rage, I could perceive was erotic affirmation. "Son of a bitch who-house but the Jesus Christ might as well!" I would scratch into my chest, and for my little seven-year-old poster rise. Yet as gently and threatening as Mr. Delaney might seem to appear, I was never really dismayed by him for he had a humane and gentle side. Although he might come like a stormcloud to his wife and children, at the moment of my first that through the glass of the glass, the glass which he once caught in the act of devouring his new three-dollar Thom Madsen shoes, I must say that even his most monstrous fits were largely bluster.

Oh how I loved the Delaneys! I visited the Delaney household as often as I could, looking in on their world. I could not improve the impression of Tobacco Road; the Delaneys were of better quality. Yet there were similarities. The mother, named Trixie, was a huge, nearly generous, superior of a woman, often drunk. It was the I am sure who progressed the domestic delinquency. But I loved her passionately just as I loved and feared the father. Little boys are not like that, but I was a boy. The house was a house of the bourgeoisie and gently which was my own inheritance. I envied the sheer knowing malice of the Delaneys—there was some children—which made my own as an only child seem so effort, spoiled and known. Only strict whiteness kept the family from complete despair, and I remember the severity. Also their civility. They were dignified as a Presbyterian I loved that. To be strictly remembered—how we had raised! They lived in a house devoid of books or any reading matter except heavy papers—more every I saved that abandoned tradition, their own domestic hell, their mother, the ground and the floor, this lonely car dogs leaping with rage that thumped at will through house and yard. My personal longings were—to have around a phrase unknown of the time—would surely. Affiliated at the age of ten by another of his kind, I felt deprived of a certain degree. I was too young to know, of course, that one of the countless things which the Delaneys were victim was the Great Depression.

Yet because this family facade, the Delaneys were a family of some property. Although their modest house was rented, as were most of the dwellings in our village, they owned a place elsewhere, and there was a somewhat distant in the household about "the Farm." For upriver in King and Queen County Mr. Delaney had inherited the place from his distant father and it had been to the family far generations. It could not have been much of a holding, or else it would have been sold years before, and when, long afterwards, it came to the history of the Virginia Tidewater—the prewarlord American estate where the land was sucked dry by tobacco, and waste and destroyed a whole country before golden Delaney because as also, such a loss as a war-torn estate—I suspect that the Delaney farm must have been an economic and as public a relic as any

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of the waves of confusion, shrouded "phantoms" centered for a hundred miles across the islands between the Potomac and the James. The chrysoth, adorned, a doris, three-hour-outside luncheon with a few more vines in one and several grapes. The...that was all. Meanwhile it was in this sacred dwelling that the two Dubs, packed like spinning silk into a three-parted Mide T Ford pedimented with the wires of terminal decay, would go forth for a month's sojourn each August, at sunrise, head and tail about their customary erosion in Buckle's denouement to Pleasant Hills. But they were not exactly vanishing. I did not know this but discovered later that the wooded glens and lost glades of the despoiled land of King and Queen were every month's dream for the young in which to desert while lighting, and the roads to "The House" served a purpose beyond the great's reserve, each Dubby of whatever age and sex had at least a head in the operation of the tail, even if it was simply shading cars.

All of the three Dubby boys have the nickname of Mide, being differentiated from each other by a topical moniker—Little Mide, Middle Mide and Big Mide. I don't think I ever knew their real names. It was the youngest of the three Mides I was playing marbles with when Shadrach made his appearance. Little Mide was a child of stunning openness, sharing with his brothers an inherited manner of halting thyroid eyes, stained lips, upturned nose and jutting jaw which I can in retrospect might have nearly corresponded to Cassius Kowalewski's description of the criminal subject. Something more remarkable—something scary for their collective nickname—was the fact that even for their graduated ages they were clearly exact replicas of each other, appearing less related by blooded consanguinity than as monotonous clones, as if Big Mide had reproduced Middle Mide who, in turn, had cloned Little Mide, and so on. I never heard before "Ten clones up" was ever compared to bulks and this somewhat for another phenomenon. At the van and distant central dated rural school we attended, one could mark the presence of any of the three Dubby brothers in a classroom by the circumstance of empty desks which emitted such Mide to be isolated from his classmates who, edging away to shout apology from the effluence, would leave the poor Mide abandoned in his classroom, like some species of bacteria on a microscope slide whose nucleus he had destroyed all life in a single second.

By contrast—the shrouding of genius—the four Dubby girls were fair, fragrant as their Waukegan perfume, buxom, but cruelly ripe of indignation, at least two of them bloated up and well along attaining full growth. Oh, those lost hours!

That day Little Mide took me to a gathering, one of sacred shadology, he had eaten on his finger, his odor in my nostrils was quantified Mide. He went my apple spinning into the weeds.

Shadrach appeared then. We somehow sensed his presence, looked up and found him there. We had not heard him approach, he had come at identity and prominently so if he had been lowered on some colossal apparatus operated by unseen hands. He was astonishingly black. I had never seen a Negro of this complexion, but it was blackness of such intensity that I detected no light at all, achieving a virtual obliteration of facial features and taking on a mysterious undertone which had the blue-gray of adze. Pivoted as a leader, he was grinning at us from the rostral front of a despoiled Prince Armine. It was a bluish-gray which crested dusky jet purple gams, the gillfisher's stripes of two snails and a wet mobile tongue. For a long while he sat smiling but, continuing to grin, coarsely roared at his crutch with a head wreathed and writhed with age; the bones emerged beneath the black skin in clear dental outline. With his other hand he firmly grasped a walking stick.

It was then that I felt myself draw a breath to wonder at his age, which was surely unfathomable. He looked older than all the parasheds of Gerson whose carous floated my mind in a Sanyo wheel litany. Lenny, Nook, Enoch, and that pandemonium did

Jewish food, Methuselah, Little Mide and I drove closer, and I saw then that the old man had to be at least past sixty blind, crotchets closed his eye like milky crusts, the corners were wet (I was told). Yet he sat so easily around the way he observed our approach, chose the applicable view from there were flickers of wise recognition. His presence remained wondrously blank; I felt myself drawn to him with an almost devout compulsion, as if he were the prophet Elijah sent to bring truth, light the Word. The blind third shadology cut he were was haggard and froged, wrinkled with dust the curls hung loose, and from one of the aged smile-like chidnapers protruded a naked black toe. Even so, the presence was thickly accidental and fed my play.

I was embarrassed, the very term seemed to hover on the edge of consciousness, a mumbled began to about nearly in notes rippling and clear. I walked closer to the gradually through a series of fat green flies, moving heavily on the exerted effort, capturing the delicate flycatcher. I was not sure of the color of the ancient black face. Finally I heard him speak in a measured voice so faint and garbled that it took moments for it to penetrate my understanding. But I understood. "From the Lord. From the Lord. From the Lord. I am arrived in Old Virginia."

He beckoned to me with one of his elongated, bony, brown fingers, at first it seemed me but then the finger seemed to move appealingly, like a small human voice. "Close up on old Shadrach's nose," he said. I was beginning to get the hang of his play tricks, refused that it was a matter of coming to certain points, rather than a matter of coming to certain points. Africa in a, it was a sugar talk, I had never heard before "Ten clones up," he announced. I obeyed. I obeyed with love and eagerness, it was like creeping up upon the bones of Abraham. In the collapse old leg I was happily, grasping a boat which would sound the gong-ding-ding at the end of the chest, dangle, was a milk-plated watch upon the face of which the black mite of Mickey Mouse walked the serene hour. Giggling now, sauged again the miniature front. I smiled the odor of great age—indeed, not exactly unpleasant but not like a first-scented capsaicin—was a light, light, light of unadorned light. Only noses upon the temple and like a pink dagger in the dark gorge of a crimson belt. "You are a warrior," he crooned. "Is you a Dubby?" I replied with regret, "No," and pointed to Little Mide. "That's a Dubby, I said."

"That's a warrior, too," he said, summoning Little Mide with the outstretched forefinger, black, polished, giggling. "Oh, you go to heaven then!" The voice rose joyfully. Little Mide looked pained. I felt Shadrach's entire body quiver to my reflection. He was overcome with emotion at beholding a Noble and Mide Dubby and so he could reward the boy I loved him. "From the Lord! He arrived in Old Virginia!"

Then it that ancient blackness achieved a catalytic cry—more than plenty had to do with the breathless heat. He roared, of course, gave pulled his disgusting sarcasm and spit did nothing to that. He the bloom of his face, the old man's old skin of his cheeks sagged, his milky eye-roll of kindly spread, and uttering a loud noise he fell back onto the car's ruptured seat with his arched springs and in holes dragging horsehair.

"Watch! I heard how you truly!" "Watch!" I told out of his lips, watched the ancient black legs no longer seen, then past eyelids began to clack and twirl. "Watch, watch!" I heard the noise continue, but Little Mide and I stared so further apart, we were gone—needing headlong in the kitchen and the kitchen, making a "That old negro's dyer!" Little Mide roared. We got a cracked fly glass, ran water from the faucet at a pump, repeating as we did. Little Mide waved the corner of a hot cloth, I followed a burst into air. We surveyed and habited, we debated whether the water should be at room temperature or cool. Little Mide added half a cupful of salt, then decided that the water should be hot. Our long day was fortunate, for several

moments later, as we hurried with the terrible people to Shadrach's side, we found that the older Delaney had appeared from a far corner of the pond and, taking command of the mourners, had urged Shadrach to the east of the Parris-Arson, dragged or carried him across the plot of bare earth and propped him up against a tree trunk where he now stood staring water from a golden hose into Shadrach's gaping mouth. The old man gazed like Eli. Then Mr. Delaney, small and fiercely misty as his body, turned down over the stricken patriarch who peered out a port bottle from his pocket and poured a stream of crystalline whiskey down into Shadrach's girth. While he did this he murmured to himself in tones of masculinity and sweetly tickled sensuality: "Well, now my son! Who are you, old uncle? Just who is the golden-haired boy you are?"

We heard Shadrach give a strangled cough, then he began to try out something resembling speech. But the word he was about able to produce was swallowed and lost in the hollow of his throat.

"What did he say? What did he say?" Mr. Delaney demanded indignantly.

"He said his name is Shadrach," I shouted, proud that I alone seemed able to fathom this obscure Negro dialect further muddled by the crippled eddies of sensuality.

"What's he want?" Mr. Delaney and I felt my face involuntarily shrink, which looked comical against his nose in my ear was at once whiskey and sweat, a gush of halitosis. "Is he an Delaney grand?"

"I think he said," I told Mr. Delaney at last, "that he wants to do an Delaney grand."

"Well I'll be God damned," said Mr. Delaney.

"Pardon me, Uncle," Shadrach said suddenly, in a voice that even Mr. Delaney could understand. "The arrived in Old Virginia?"

Mr. Delaney looked at me. "Ask him where he came from!"

Again I reached my face to that black shrouded visage appeared to the living was I whispered the question and the reply came back after a long silence, in falter staccatoings. At last I said to Mr. Delaney: "He says he's from Clay County down in Alabama."

"Alabama? Well, his eye and!"

I felt Shadrach's chest at my elbow and once more I bent down to listen. Many seconds passed before I could discern the soft hum of the words struggling for meaning on the fading anguished tongue. But finally I captured their shapes, arranged them in order.

"What did he say now?" Mr. Delaney said. "He said he wants you to bury him."

"Bury him? Mr. Delaney shouted. "How can I bury him? He ain't even dead yet!"

From Shadrach's breast there now came a gentle heaving movement, like a rock at the point of a spring, started by the way it reached and suddenly into a wild fervor ebullient the moonbeam was taking hold. The pink clasp of a tongue lolled to the curve of the jagged old clasp of Shadrach's printed.

"Ask him how old he is," came the command. I asked him.

"He said he was the greatest man."

"He says he's ninety-nine years old," I reported, glistening up from the agonies of death.

"Ninety-nine? Well, his eye and! Just how old are you?"

Two other Delanys began to arrive, including the mother Trice and the two larger Mokes, along with one of the older sons and daughters, whose like but nothing beautiful as the flood on the coast of her pregnancy, and accompanied by her husband, now-entranced sun-glassed spouse. There also came a cross-eyed black of negroes—now-olden-shaved workers in cheap open shirts, scuffling toward children a queue of accuracy bowman in sacklike dresses, blank concerns of meat before their arms. In my memory they make an achingly tedious

of these exhausted years. They pattered and choked in wonder at Shadrach, who, unimpaired by alcohol, heat, infirmity and his ninety-nine August, beamed and raised his shaven eyes to the sun. "Pardon de la vie," he murmured.

We hoisted him to his feet and supported the frail, almost weightless old man as he limped on directly prior to the house, where we sat him down upon a rumpled plaid which squatted on the back porch in an eastern fugitive of dew, under a starry moon and a starry sky. Mr. Delaney, however, believed. "Mama, get Shadrach something to eat!" Shaped in the night, the ancient water gurgled itself like one phantasm from the edge of critical starvation; he devoured three chicken, shrapnel down bowl after bowl of Rice Krispies, and gorged his way through a packet of his confectioner's with food. We watched solemnly in wonderment before our solemnly attentive eyes he greedily and carefully took himself back on the molasses pillow and with a soft sigh went to sleep.

Some time after this—during the waning hours of the afternoon, when Shadrach woke up, and there on into the evening—the mystery of the old man's appearance began gradually unfolded. One of the Delaney daughters was a first-class creature of twelve named Ekimika, but fragile beauty (especially when contrasted with all-American brothers) and her precocious braids and beaming had caused me—going as I was—a troubling, unresolvable itch. I was vexed by the ease and comeliness with which she wiped the sweat from Shadrach's lips. Like me, she possessed some innate gift of interpretation, and through our joint efforts there was passed together over several hours an explanation for this old man—far his identity and his future and acceptable meaning.

He slipped on the globe, we put another pillow under his head. Nourishing his dragon's appetite with Hamlet's heart and, later on, with sips from Mr. Delaney's bottle, we were able to learn from these aged lips a fragmented shivered but minutely coherent biography. After a while it became an oceanic breeze far, as one of the adults noticed, old Shadrach seemed to be chatting a feverish his half-blind eyes down about from one to the other, the shivering gleams which rose in his throat made it all the more difficult to understand anything that came from his tongue to show the truth. One phrase, repeated over and over, I particularly remembered: "He a Delaney." And indeed those words provided the chief clue to his story.

Born a slave on the Delaney plantation in King and Queen County, he had been sold down to Alabama in the dreary before the Civil War. Shadrach's memory was imperfect regarding the date of his sale. Once he said "1843," meaning 1853, and another time he said "fifty-five," but it was an item of little importance; he was probably some years between fifteen and twenty-five years old when his master—Virgil Delaney's great-grandfather—reposed of him, selling him out of the money Indian growing the worn-out Virginia soil of that stretch beyond sea and some in his confession to us, garbled as it was, he used the word "coffin" in words beyond my ten-year-old knowledge but one whose meaning I have understood, he must have journeyed down on a handcart to Alabama, and there he had the company of God knows how many other black slaves, linked together by chains.

So now, as we began slowly to discover, this was Shadrach's return trip home to Old Virginia—like a question of a century or two—before his departure from the land out of which he had sprung, which had nurtured him, and where he had lived his happy years. Happy? Who knows? But we had to assume they were his happy years—the only this reasonable plausibility of the end of his life? As he had introduced with such abrupt fervor earlier, he seemed only to die and be buried on "Delaney ground."

We learned that after the way he had become a slaveholder, that he had entered three times and had had many children (once he said twelve, another time fifteen, no exact), they were leased) he had delivered them all, women and offspring. Even the

grandchildren had died off, or had somehow vanished. "Ah was shivered of all my flesh," was another statement I can still record vividly. Then deviated and he had cheerfully made plan to ask who pulled around him to him, passing mortality in his own shivered flesh and bones, he had wanted Alabama on foot—just as he had come there—to find the Virginia of his youth.

So he handed myself The trip, we were able to picture, took over four months, since he said he sat out from Clay County in the early spring. He walked nearly the entire way, although some and then he would accept a ride—almost always, one can be sure, from the few Negroes who came out on the road South of these

perhaps, got him sent to the Atlanta penitentiary for five or six years. He needed no more cause as he said, and now in the last half-century of his life he had seen him go down at the bottom of the old ship, black face with an expression that might compassion and bewilderment and wretched-up rage and disappointment, and then whisper to himself: "He wants to die on Delaney ground? Well, now my son, just like my son!" Plainly he wondered how, among all his heads of Virginia families, Shadrach found him, for he was a poor and uneducated man. "Shadrach, how come you know you to look for?" But it is better Shadrach had drunk off to sleep, and so far as I ever knew there was never any reason to that.



They had saved up a few dollars, which allowed him to provide for his stomach. He slept on the side of the road or in barns, sometimes a friendly Negro family would give him shelter. The rock took him across Georgia and the Carolinas and through Southern Virginia. His memory is still severely incomplete because he could not read either road sign or road map; he developed a fellow he never would quitting alone, a profound imperfect method of finding his way he allowed to Ekimika with a faint smile, which he once got to for safety; he ended up not only miles away from the proper highway but at a city and state completely off his route—Chattanooga, Tennessee. But he ended back and moved on. And how, once arrived in Virginia with his young daughter, he did discover the only Delaney who would matter: the single Delaney who was now owner the property of his livelihood, but the state which he also opportunely expected to convert his only appearing available, leaving him to seek in the north of these mutual acquaintances. How did he find Parris Delaney? Mr. Delaney was by no means an ill-spoken or ungenerous man (despite his many years), but was a real southern host by many ways in the deep. He showed you 1970, being laid passed not actually for dollars but for items and quarters, crushed breads or chocolate and otherwise ate along with three generally ill-fitting sons and two knuckled-up daughters plus two more in the office, and living with the shabby dress of reverse signs sweeping down to terminate his forehead and

the next day he said that Shadrach was badly off. During the night he had somehow fallen from the plaid and at the early morning found he was disappointed on the floor, looking blood. We knuckled him up. The wound just above his ear was superficial, if it turned out, but it had done him no good, and when he was replaced on the rug he appeared to be confused and at the other of darkness, peering at his shirt and looking and talking to his opaque eyes at the corner. Whenever he spoke now his words were beyond the power of Ekimika or me to comprehend, faint high-pitched, mumble-mumble in a dazed diphthong. He seemed to recognize no one. Trice, leaving over the old man at the school at her first Parris like ribbon of the morning, decided firmly that there was no hope to learn. "Shadrach," she said to Mr. Delaney, using her habitual pet name (diminutive form of Parris), "you better get out the car if we're going to the Parris. I think he ain't going much longer. And no good annual personal time in going on the trip, I suppose right into the back of the Mabel T. I supposed to try to get a bigger money paper bag full of food shadrach which Trice had prepared for some time dinner at the Farm.

Not all of the Delanys made the journey—the two older daughters and the larger Mokes were left behind—but we had completed a mission. We children were packed neatly into the

dim and stop each other's lips in the air seat, which reproduced as miniature the massiveness of the house with this new filter of aged J&C Cols and Nels berries, fluffy papers, watercolor roses, autumn petals, greenish handkerchiefs, old-fashioned pearls of assorted tints and washes of old Kierulff. On the floor beneath my feet I even discerned (to my intense discomfort, for I had just learned to recognize such an object) a crumpled, yellowish used remnant, left there helplessly. I was certain, by one of the older draglance's boyfriends, born able to locate the hairy dog and the red carpet. It was a bright summer day, sunbaking but like the dry presencing it, but the car had no workable windows and we were pleasantly reminded. Shadrach sat in the middle of the front seat. Mr. DeWay was hunched over the wheel, chewing at a wad of tobacco and driving with blank absorption, he had stopped to be understood, and I thought I could almost see the rags and frustration in the tight bearded muscles of his neck. He muttered curses at the belly grumbler but otherwise was little apt in his gaudian anxiety. So volubly that the flesh of his shoulders fell in a frothy cascade over the back of his seat, Truce loomed on the other side of Shadrach, the complexion of his body seemed in some way to both enfold and support the old man, who nodded and dozed. The morning hair around the shiny black head was, I thought, like a delicate halo of the pencil from its face. Certainly, for the first time since Shadrach's coming, I felt a wash of grief and melancholy instead but not in the

"Shoop," said Truce, standing by the end of the dusky little ferry that crossed the York River, "what kind of leg hair do you reckon there are behind that hat there?" The Model T had been the first car Shadrach, and all of us had folded out to look at the river, leaving Shadrach to sit there and sleep during the fifteen minutes ride. The water was still sparkling with whitecaps, lively. A large grey raven lay with white feathers caught along to the same depth at Yorktown, trailing cables of garbage and a swarming flock of starling gulls. Their squawks echoed across the peaceful channel.

"Squid," said Mr. DeWay. "Are you ever intrigued squally before? I can't believe such a quaint. Squid. Damn gaudy bastard."

"Beautiful things," she replied softly, "all big and white. Can you say that?"

"So tough you'd like to choke to death."

We were halfway across the river when Edwina went to the car to get a paper bag. When she came back she and her brother, "Mama, Shadrach has made a fantastic case in his pants."

"Oh Mama, and Truce."

Mr. DeWay climbed the red and rived his small, panted, leonine face to heaven. "Ninety-five years old. Christ almighty! He was neither but a mere young man old boy!"

"It smells just awful," said Edwina.

"Why in the God damned hell didn't he go to the bathroom before we left?" Mr. DeWay said. "Isn't it hot enough we go to drive three hours to the Three without?"

"Shadrach!" Truce shrieked, moving ponderously to the car. "Peer of things, he can't help it. Y'know, you can have you manage your bowels fifty years from now."

One of the ferry's two children giggled and squirmed in the back seat, partially squashed out her nose, and sniffled amid the oily rebuffs of the floorboards. It was an awful smell. But a few miles up the coast in the hamlet of Gloucester Coast House, crowning at with black-crested look and by, Truce brought relief to the situation by holding Mr. DeWay to stop at an Amoco service. Shadrach had partly awakened from his slumberous trance. He stirred restlessly in his seat of doom. But, and before he could lift himself unaided, so softly reminded as to barely give voice to what may have been his rail and tumble dream. "There now, Shadrach!" Truce said gently. "Truce!" he said after a while. "And this old, half-forgotten, half-forgotten old man from the car and out a standing position, then with the help of Mr. DeWay propelling his stony scrawny frame in a

repeated torso dance to the rear room shaded corners, where to the muffled sound of rushing water she performed some mental rite of cleansing and purging. Then they brought him back to the car. For the first time that morning Shadrach seemed really aroused from that stupor into which he had plunged so swiftly before. "There de Lawd!" we heard him say, feebly but with spirit, as the older DeWay maneuvered him back onto the seat, purified. He gazed about him with plans of recuperation, responding with soft smiles to his late party attention. Then Mr. DeWay seemed to sudden good humor. "You come! along all right now, Shadrach!" he howled over the scudily clattering sound of the motor. Shadrach nodded and groined but remained silent. There was a mood in the air of joy and sorrow. "Slow down, Shadrach," Truce murmured softly, patting at a brow. "There might be a good sign." I was filled with shame, and hope begged at my knees as the flowering landscape rushed by, green and lush with summer and swelling of hay and honeydew.

The DeWay country estate, as I have said, was dilapidated and rudimentary. A tree covered hill from beyond mystery. Where there once stood a plantation house of the Palladian schoolhouse required of its kind during the Tidewater domination. At its heady, there now stood a swelling considerably grander than a shack but almost as by its rambling. Like a palace, supported by ancient masonry blocks and crowned by a roof of gleaming shingle, it would have been an eyestone almost anywhere except as King and Queen County, a link to the distant and underrepresented that the house was scarcely ever viewed by human eyes. A silver grey oak bark had another better one, pink interior the yard here too. But the soft green acres that surrounded the place were Elysian, the ancient fields and the well-worn ramparts with sweet gum and oak and redwood had seemed to the present glory of the base of Pocomoke and Pocomoke, greenness covered the emerald green thickets which bordered the house on every side, a delicious view itself of order filled the air, and the forest at night echoed with the sound of whippoorwill. The house itself was relatively clean, thanks not to any effort on the part of the DeWays but to the fact that it remained unvisited as by DeWays but out of the past.

The day after our first chicken and we placed Shadrach between clean sheets on a bed in one of the sparsely furnished rooms, then turned in our various nocturnal. Little Mole and I played marbles all afternoon just outside the house, among the shade of a magnolia old bench line, after an hour of crawling in the dirt our legs were stretched and shiny. Later we took a plunge in the mudpond which, among other things, purged Little Mole of his B.O. The other children were fishing for perch and totem in the brookside creek which ran through the woods. Mr. DeWay drove off to get provisions at the convenience store, then vanished into the undergrowth to immerse himself in well-hidden toil. Meanwhile Truce trumped about with heavy footfalls in the kitchen and downed half a dozen Blue Ribbons, pausing occasionally to look in on Shadrach. Little Mole and I peered in, too, from time to time. Shadrach lay in a deep sleep and seemed to be at peace, even though now and then his head came in a slight gap and his long black fingers plucked nervously at the hem of the sheet which covered him to his breast like a white shroud. Then the afternoon was over. After a dinner of fried perch and beans we all went to bed with the setting of the sun. Little Mole and I lay squashed naked in the heat on the same mattress, separated by a paper thin wall from Shadrach's breathing which rose and fell in my ears against the other night sounds of the lantern and rain-fuzzed place. Katapults and crackers and beer and the shimmering ether—now near, now faded last—of a whippoorwill.

Later the next morning the county sheriff paid a visit on Mr. DeWay. We were not at the house when he arrived, and so he had to wait for us; we were at the parlor. Shadrach still slept, with the children standing watch over by one. After our watch



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Little Male and I had spent an hour exploring the woods and swinging on the grapevines, and when we emerged from a grove of pine trees, a quarter of a mile or so behind the house, we came upon Mr. Dubuay and Trone. They were joking about in a humble-minded plot of land which was the old Dubuay family burial ground. It was a sunny, peaceful place, where grasshoppers skittered in the tall grass. Cloaked with ferns and catkins and weeds and litens with sunbaked daisy-like markers, unfenced and unvisited for countless decades, it had been discovered in the seclusion of summer after summer like this one, when even granite and marble had to give way against the onslaught of spreading roots and voracious grass growing things.

"Chin! Aahghey! I has to think of diggs' about half a mile of dirt!"

"Hooey, why don't you leave off diggin' until this comes?" Trone said like was trying to fix himself with a waxy head-dish-cloth, and his face—which I had witnessed before in this state of dramatic summer dissolution—now the washed-out black shade of sham milk. It mostly preceded a fainting spell. "This can would kill a male."

Mr. Dubuay agreed, saying that he looked forward to a cool glass of cold tea, and we made our way back to the house along a little path of bare earth that wound through a field glimmering with goldenrod. Then, just as we arrived at the back of the house



At Mr. Dubuay's remote mountain log house, together with three slaves, who slept in a giant barrel box off to the side—unconnected from their masters and maidservants, but constantly apart in death as in life. Mr. Dubuay stood amid the tombstones of his slaves, gazing gloomily down at the temple of vegetation and at the crumbling lapidized little markers. He held a shovel in his hand but had not begun to dig. The morning had become hot, and the sweat streamed from his brow. I peered at the headstones, read the given names, which were as matter-of-fact as their lack of personality as Spanish or Latin. *Francis Dubuay, Sweet Betty, Mary Dupont, Lulu, Rosemary in Four Acres Dances 1799 1814 1832*. All of those Dubuays, I thought like Shadrach.

"It'll be God damned if I believe there's a square inch of space left," Mr. Dubuay observed as Trone and I spit a covert spit of tobacco juice into the weeds. "They just crowded all the old dead under and maximum they could into this piece of land here. They need to be shovelled down there." He passed and made his characteristic sound of disgust—a choked, guttural groan.

We saw the sheriff waiting. He was standing with a foot on the rumpled board of his Plymouth sedan, perched on its front fender was a tinkling sound, unremitting silver discs (in those days pronounced as *ruys*). He was a portly and middle-aged man with a tan-scratched face framed with delicate veins and he wore dark-rimmed spectacles. A gold-plated star was pinned to his civilian shirt, which was soaked with sweat. He appeared hungry, made an informal salute and said "Mornin', Trone. Mornin', Vee."

"Mornin', Sheriff," Mr. Dubuay replied politely, though with an edge of suspicion. We both passed the coffee and in traffic toward the house. "You want some ice tea?"

"No thank you," he said. "Vee, hold on a minute. I'd like a word with you."

I was knowledgeable enough to flare in a vague way some involvement with the distillery in the woods, and I held my breath, but then Mr. Dubuay halted, turned, and said evenly "What's wrong?"

"Vee," the sheriff said, "I hear you're fixin' to bury an elderly colored man on your property here. Joe Thomas duns at the store say you told him that yesterday. Is this right?"

Mr. Dubuay put his hands on his hips and glowered at the



Monza 2+2. Photo by: David H. Hirsch, Detroit, Michigan

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she'll. Then he said, "Joe Thornton is a God damned socialist blackboard. But that's right. What's wrong with that?"

"You can't," said the sheriff.

There was a pause. "Why not?" said Mr. DeBney.

"Because it's against the law."

I had seen signs, especially in matters involving the law, build up when Mr. DeBney did the job. A patrol van always appeared near his temple, along with a ming-buck in check and nose, back come now, the little van began to wiggle and squeak like a worm. "What do you mean, it's against the law?"

"Just that. It's against the law to bury anybody on private property."

"Why is it against the law?" Mr. DeBney demanded.

"I don't know why, Vern," said the sheriff, with a touch of exasperation. "It just is, that's all."

Mr. DeBney thought his own out—up and then down in a self-admitted, awkward gesture. He's a modest enough.

"Down in that field, Tinsell, there have been people buried for sometime two hundred years. I got an old uncle once in my hands. He was a slave and he was born on this place. Now he's dead and I've got to bury him here. And I am."

"Vern, let me talk you something," the sheriff said with an attempt at patience. "You will not be permitted to do any such a thing, so please don't try to go on this argument. Like any of the colored churchmen around here, and he will have to be buried to by a licensed colored undertaker. That's the law, south of Virginia, and there isn't any other why or whatever about it."

Tinsell began to whisper Mr. DeBney's fury and persistence even before he erupted. "Naw, keep yourself calm—"

"But what if it is an outrage?" he asked. "State when did a township church have to exist to the point in order to bury a blackman and colored men on his own property? It goes against every bill of rights I ever heard of."

"Naw," Tinsell put in. "Please—"

The sheriff put out pleading hands and loudly recommended "Naw." Then when Mr. DeBney and Tinsell fell silent he went on. "Vern, we all you have been acquainted for a long time, so please don't give me no trouble. I'll tell you for the last time: this. Nobody you have got to arrange to get that old man buried at one of the colored churches around here, and you will also have to have him taken care of by a licensed undertaker. You can't bury your choice. There's a well-known colored undertaker in Tappanville and about a half of one over in Middleburg, somewhere near Urbana or Selma. If you want, I'll give them a telephone call from the courthouse."

I watched as the red eye in Mr. DeBney's face was overtaken by a pale, sulfur line of resignation. After a longish long silence he said "All right then. All right. How much you reckon it'll cost?"

"I don't know exactly, Vern, but there was an old wader woman worked for me and Ruddy didn't last long and I heard they buried her for the five dollars."

"Five dollars?" I heard Mr. DeBney breathe. "Christ, how much?"

Perhaps it was only his rage which caused him to flin, but all afternoon Mr. DeBney was gone and we did not see him again until that evening. Inconspicuously, Shadrach rolled for a time from his deep chamber, so to speak, by means that we thought that he might arrive completely. Tinsell was shifting pace and upping bet while the watched Little Mike and me at our marble game. Suddenly Edmonson, who had been assigned to ride to Shadrach for as long, came running from the house. "Listen here you all, real quick. He used to be a minister out of Kentucky. Shadrach's wife was dead and killing." And he went, when we walked to his side we saw that he had taken himself up to bed and his face for the first time in many years was clear and knowing expression, as if he were at least partially aware of his surroundings. The bed even appeared to have shifted. Edmonson had put a sleep in that day of his shirt, and he said, during his morning conversation, she said, he had seen part of it.



You should have heard him just now." Edmonson said, lowering over the bed. "He kept talking about going to the millpond. What do you think he meant?"

"Well, could he be just wanting to go to the millpond?" Tinsell replied. She had brought Shadrach's bottle of RC Cola from the kitchen and now she sat beside him, helping him to drink it through a paper straw. "Shed," she called in a soft voice.

"Is that what you want? You want to go to the millpond?" A look of anticipation and pleasure spread over the black face and pronounced her old theory right. And his voice was high-pitched but strong when he turned his head to Tinsell and said "Yes, Vern, I do. I want to see the millpond."

"Now come you want to see the millpond?" Tinsell said gently. Shadrach offered no explanation, merely and again "I want to see the millpond."

And in, in obedience to a wish whose nature we were unable to guess but could not help honor, we took Shadrach to see the millpond. If he in the woods toward handred yards to the east of the house—at a place early deemed up just behind an one mile by a guide of some and then, spectacularly green, and surrounded on all by other woods by towering oaks and elm. And by spring and by the same softly melting stream in which the other children had gone fishing, in water covered the overhanging up arm and the changing sky and was a pleasant orbit to over it, passing the sky and that shored a body in its lowest form a while we could not figure out how to transport Shadrach down to the place, it plainly would not do to try to let him hobble that long distance, grudging, with our clumsy help on his nearly unrecognizable legs in their clinging pad. Finally someone thought of the wheelchair, which Mr. DeBney used in his own in the mill. It was hauled from its shed, and so quickly made of a not unkindness and possibly comfortable sort of a wheeled frame, sliding it with boy and placing a blanket on top.

On this would Shadrach rested easily, with a look of composure, as if he were now gently rocking down the path. It reached him on the way in its swaying he appeared to be a bit of a bit and just passed and serene. A few moments later he was in the fullness of his many years on some loquacious for his usual reward.

We sat the wheelchair down on the mossy ledge, and there for a long time Shadrach gazed at the millpond, alive with its slaking murkings and swimming beneath a copper-colored haze of sunlight where small dragonflies swirled in nervous flight and underfoot. Standing next to the wheelchair, one of which the sheds of Shadrach's dainty legs promoted his fragile black



After conflict agreements that were made last March, the army of Rhodesia is integrated and some units are up to 70 percent black.

pic that night, as he had done across the continent for more forty years. He is from Kenya, but he has played everywhere. He said he liked Rhodesia and that the people were all right, "but they live in the past. All the songs they sing for were popular fifteen years ago."

The Storm Gathers

The Rhodesian crisis is almost fifteen years old, but the origins of the crisis go back nearly one hundred years to Cecil Rhodes, who believed his will and his energies were larger than Africa. The British colony of Rhodesia was his own perfect creation, his vision made real.

In 1965, the end of his vision was deferred and ended at the same time when

Whites in the late Sixties could have made changes. Now it is too late. They look back with regret.

Rhodesia, a self-governing Commonwealth nation for over fifty years, declared its independence. It would not submit to British demands that it grant majority power to the blacks who were in a huge majority.

After UDI (Unilateral Declaration of Independence) in 1965, the British declared that two Souths led a "rebel govern-

ment." Rhodesia was thus declared illegal by a vote in the United Nations, and economic sanctions were imposed. But the Rhodesians were safe for a while in the geographic folds of southern Africa. The friendly Portuguese colonies, Mozambique and Angola, lay to the east and west, and the state of sub-Saharan Africa, the Republic of South Africa, to the south. Trade went on. For the first few years of its existence, the outlaw state was able to find markets for its large agricultural surplus. Foreign exchange was assured, and necessary imports came in despite sanctions. But the whites did have to fight a few guerrillas and deal with legal discontent opposition from blacks who outnumbered them by some twenty to one.

But the whites did not bend. They were determined to rule Rhodesia. It was their



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The wreckage of the Air Rhodesia Viscount that crashed September 3. Eight survivors were killed by black guerrillas. The wreckage had a number of carefully worked-out racial agreements.



Guerrilla leader Andrew Nyamwe claimed his men had shot down the Viscount.

country, they had built it. If there was a tear for compromise, the late Sisk was that man. Then, the whites could have dealt from strength. Now it is too late, and whites look back on those years of possibility with regret.

Time passed and pressures mounted—pressures from within as well as from nations that white Rhodesians looked to as natural allies. They could not believe that Britain and the United States would abandon them. Or, indeed, actively oppose them.

The guerrilla war widened, and South Africa sent men to help patrol the northern Rhodesian border against infiltrators. The Portuguese dictatorship collapsed, and Mozambique and Angola were free and no longer friendly. Mozambique became hostile, as did Rhodesia, who was left to rely on itself and on South Africa, but South Africa had its own problems and could not afford to be bogged down by the defense of a quarter of a million Rhodesians whom the nearly apocryphal story of million blacks being packed the country and God knows how many more—some armed and trained—across 1,700 miles of unfriendly borders. After 1975, Rhodesia was on its own.

It had been a British problem for ten years, but then Henry Kissinger turned his attention to it. The Rhodesian-backed faction had won a civil war in Angola, and it was time for the West to salvage what it could in southern Africa. So Kissinger used his established shuttle techniques to put heavy pressure on Rhodesia's new premier, Sir Ian Smith. In a few weeks, he had forced Ian Smith to agree to black rule after a two-year interim government left few bones and left the details to the British.

A Deserve conference, sponsored by the British, ended in a shambles. The British

The official Rhodesian position is that the guerrillas lacked the ability to bring down an airplane.

meant every nation that would be affected by the settlement to send a delegation. The conference turned into a prolonged side show, and Smith flew home without an agreement. The war intensified. The administration changed in America, and Kissinger was gone. Andrew Young appeared to be making policy for the United States, and he was a supporter of guerrillas who were fighting Smith's forces. Smith was cornered and down to a last few maneuvers. He was never a bright nor appealing man. A senior Royal Air Force pilot whose plane was shot off after a crash in North Africa, Smith was long on sadness and short on resignation. But he was not afraid to act.

In March 1978, he formed a coalition government with three popular black leaders—two of whom had spent several years in jail—and declared that Rhodesia would act on its own to bring about majority rule. The step was integrated. There would be an election before the end of the year, and for the first time, blacks would vote. There would be a new constitution. Rhodesia would actually become a new country, called Zimbabwe, after an ancient southern African empire. Whites would be guaranteed some status as permanent fee farmers, so the solution left a little short of what one black one says. But there would be majority rule. Blacks would vote

and govern the country. Smith hoped that the British and Americans would accept his plan. They did not. But Smith and the black leaders he had brought into the government were still trying to achieve equality in England and America, still hoping for a change of policy when the place, the Viscount, went down on Sunday, September 3, 1978.

The Tribal Reality

On Tuesday morning, it was announced that ten passengers who had survived the crash had been found and murdered by black guerrillas. A soldier had seen right away that it would happen. "When we got the message, I looked at my map. If they were only ten minutes from Kariba, then they had to go down where the forest was opening." White Rhodesians will not deny their crimes by calling them guerrillas. They are terrorists, or "boms" for short.

The Viscount had broken in two on impact. The forward section had exploded and heaved. Eighteen people in the tail section were braced, shaken, and terrified, but alive.

Five of the survivors left to find help and bring water. The remaining six were moved away from the tail section when it caught fire. Later, none of them went back to the wreckage for blankets, and that was what nine black men dressed in work clothes and carrying SAS rifles wanted. They were calm and friendly at first. They asked all the survivors will further from the crash site, flies, without warning, out of them said, "You have seen our land," and all was opened fire. Three passengers ran and escaped over a low sand ridge. The terrorists supported years off the bodies and looted the crash site. Two young girls



Freedom is off. An old woman protects the use of arms on field mountains.



Training in handouts is widespread for Rhodesians where. Women fill in jobs to keep someone going as, finally every able where more is called up on military duty every week a year.

were killed by the terrorist fire. One was eleven years old, the other, four.

In Salisbury, a memorial service was scheduled for later in the week, meanwhile, life and commerce went on. In the basement bar of Melton, a rough-looking kid who might have been an off-duty soldier drank beer and had, "Bloodly black butchers. If we don't hit them here now, else it's true we will kill."

That night as it darks, black and white soldiers argued, pushed, then pulled guns. They were separated before anybody got hurt.

Across the border, in Zambou, Joshua Nkomo claimed that his men "brought that place down, but it is not true that we killed any survivors." There was an extra shock at this news, another level of outrage and many believe the Vincent crash, the important news in Rhodesia had been of a secret meeting between Nkomo and Ian Smith. Nkomo leads one of the two guerrilla organizations warring war against Smith's government. By all accounts he is more moderate and pro-West than Robert Mugabe, who leads the other guerrilla army fighting in Rhodesia and who has promised to execute Smith and the three black leaders who joined his government.

Nkomo and Mugabe are allies. Their organizations are united under the Patriotic Front and supported by the African nations that call themselves the Front Line States because they are on the front lines of the war against white oppression in southern Africa. African politics, however, are not that neat. Mugabe's men have fought battles with Nkomo's where their opponents have overplayed "Oh, yes," as army major says, almost delighted. "They're stopped on each other's toes quite a few times now. We've come across the leaders."

The origins of these antagonisms are

When a Rhodesian gives up and leaves, he can take only \$1,500 with him. More and more are doing so.

fight as not ideological but tribal: There is almost too much to be known about tribes in Africa, the original European solution was to ignore it or suppress it or negotiate with it as a last resort. The borders drawn across Africa for the convenience of white men had nothing much to do with the ancestral African reality of the tribe. But those drew the borders that the world recognizes to this day.

African nations are not ruled by parties, but by tribes or tribal nations. When Rhodesia becomes Zimbabwe—and the blacks rule over this European abstraction with the name of a dead man, either the Matabele nation or the Shona nation will be ascendant.

Most of Nkomo's men are Matabele, descendants of the Zulu, Africa's most famous warriors. They mean the deal with Cecil Rhodes that created the state of Rhodesia. They were in a position to make deals because they had suppressed every other tribe in the area including the far more numerous Shona, whose descendants are Robert Mugabe's own. Agrarians, peace-lovers, and nonconformists to begin, subject people, the Shona have nevertheless got the most guerrilla in the field. Their leader, Mugabe, has also made the most warlike speeches and statements.

In their better dreams, while Rhodesians are a prosperous nation abandoned by

those who built it and fought over by rival tribes who will take the country back in an orgy of blood. The war will be fought with modern arms, but its grammar will be as old as man said, at best, primitive. Ideology will not count, only blood and ancestry. It will be an emblematic, savage war that the whites will watch from their new homes in cities with cold satellites.

The Bush War

The day after Nkomo claimed the Vincent, the Rhodesian commander of transport and power said that "any closer of an accord was ended." He also said there was no evidence that the plane had been shot down. The official Rhodesian position was that the crash could not rule the ability to shoot down their airplanes but they would certainly murder survivors of a crash. Nkomo reacted that the plane was a military target in an operational area. The Rhodesians, he said, had been using Vincents to ferry troops and supplies and add, "The world cannot shock and dismay over the death of a few whites but fails to notice that thirty blacks are killed by the government every day."

Three days after the crash, a Rhodesian soldier showed up in captured branches for a shoulder-shoulder, head taking inside a SAM-7. I mistook it for a tank, but I caught down the Vincent. He thought the plane was out of the war's way but it was certain the guerrillas had and SAM-7s believe. One had been fired in a spider place flying over Lake Kariba. It never looked on, and after it moved the plane, the missile landed in a new heavy load and came crashing a fire that burned it to the ground.

Mindon, though, are the tactics of an African war. The guerrillas carry AK-47s

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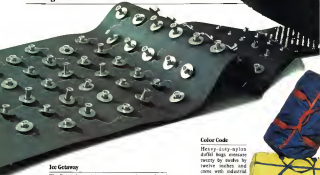
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Carroll Rosenbloom's Obsession

The man has everything, including the Los Angeles Rams. All he needs is another Super Bowl trophy to match the one he won with the Colts

by Philip Taubman

Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Los Angeles Rams, studied the photograph for a moment, then smiled. "That's a beauty," he said, handing it over to Rams general manager Don Klosterman. Klosterman examined it and grinned. Nice, Rosenbloom passed the picture to head coach Ray Malvan. Malvan passed it to the coach. "Where the hell did you get that?" he asked, obviously surprised and pleased.

The photo at all this attention was an eleven-by-fourteen-inch photo. The negative had been tightly cropped to the enlarged print showed only a man's head and hands plus a piece of paper he was holding. The paper was covered with cursive, dark lettering, the sleeves of a gray suit covered the man's arms, and a gold wedding band was visible on his left ring finger. What made this seemingly unassuming little tangle into a picture coveted by the Rams was simple: The hands belonged to Dallas Cowboys coach Tom Landry, and the paper was a catalog of Cowboys short-yardage passing plays.

"The picture was shot on the sidelines during the game," Rosenbloom explained to Malvan. "It's all right there, isn't it? Malvan looked at the picture again and agreed. He handed it back to Rosenbloom. "Keep it, Ray," ordered the owner. "It might come in handy around December." He thrust the photo back to Malvan's hands. "To get to the Super Bowl," he chuckled, "we've got to beat Dallas in the playoffs."

The bit of smug—of course there was taken by a friendly fanless photographer at the Rams' demand the Cowboys in a regular season game—says a lot about Carroll Rosenbloom. It says he is clever and audacious. It says he is successful. It shows he is distinctly serious about exploiting whatever advantage he can find to defeat an opponent. It shows he loves a little argument and that he likes to be a showman. But most of all, it says that he is tired of being number two, three, or four in pro football. It says he is determined to find the last piece of the puzzle that will turn the Rams from perennial also-rans to Super Bowl champions.

Carroll Rosenbloom is obsessed with winning the Super Bowl.

Philip Taubman is a senior editor of *Esquire* magazine.

Left, Rosenbloom scrutinizes his team recently from his director's chair. "Nothing is too small for C.R.," says an aide. "He's into everything."

It says his life. At age seventy-one he is worth several hundred million dollars. He's got a sumptuous estate in Bel Air, and his house at exclusive Trousdale Beach, near Malibu, a part of Mercedes and what looks like a cost of hundreds moving his lawn, cleaning his house, maintaining his tennis courts, and preparing his meals. He flies private with Gulfstream jets, and he's got Kev Douglas and Rod Stinger and hangs out with Warren Beatty and Jack Lemmon. Ted Kennedy stays in a spare bedroom when he is visiting Los Angeles. Carroll Rosenbloom's got everything.

Except peace of mind. That's apparent any day but particularly on Sundays, game days. He begins them like a monk and ends them like a Holy Roller. "I watched him when the Rams played the Oilers in Houston the fall before he left," he said on the deserted Rams bench at the Astrodome, pausing and silent. He stared intently at the Oilers cheerleaders as they whistled their opening number. His mind lost in thoughts of the coming battle. Then, as the game was far behind, he stood and curled like a spring. The Rams locker dived his foot into the ball. It dived weakly toward the Oilers receiver. "She," muttered Rosenbloom, depressed with the poor kick. As the game progressed he slumped the table angrily at Rams' mistakes, most his arms in waves in relief when they recovered their own fumble, and cheered happily when they scored. With the Rams safely on lead at the end, he breathed deeply. He looked like a man who had gone through an ordeal. At Rams home games, Rosenbloom doesn't even let the domes of his knees, although his concentration on the action. When games are too important to be missed, usually toward the end of the first half, Rosenbloom picks up the season's empty paper cup in his private box at the L.A. Coliseum and uses it as a urinal. With the help of a Coca-Cola rep, Rosenbloom didn't miss a play when the Rams took on the San Francisco 49ers in L.A. last month.

Though Rosenbloom owns the Rams, the team actually owns him. The franchise produces little of his income but occupies most of his time. He oversees everything from equipment purchase to game-plan drawing to hiring and firing of coaches—as George Allen said laconically, having been hired and fired by Rosenbloom within the space of an month this year. As part of National Football League owners, Rosenbloom is one of the



Time and money: Rosenbloom equated as the Rams only the field at Los Angeles Coliseum in their quest for next straight division title

"When I was just rich, nobody knew me," Rosenbloom explains. "Now that I own the Rams, everybody knows me."

confident, slow enigmatic, and does anything in day-to-day operations of his club. Unquestionably, he is the most driven.

Rosenbloom already has one Super Bowl victory. The Baltimore Colts, whom he owned during, won in 1973. But one is not enough. Like a disciple leading people to worship at the altar, Rosenbloom guides visitors to his Bel Air home through closed doors and darkened rooms until they reach an outer sanctum. Then, by the window beyond the pool table, stands the silver trophy from Super Bowl V. "That's what it's all about," he says earnestly. "I want one to match."

He calls his drive a passion, a love for competition. His friends say the man simply has to lose at anything. "Losing just isn't in the cards," says Klinehouse. "Whether it's golf, tennis, or backgammon. Carroll doesn't lose. He should ever lose." Rosenbloom's unrivaled drive is not in sport but to dominate everything he does. There is some truth in all these explanations, but underlying them is a more basic reason. For Carroll Rosenbloom, despite all his wealth and material possessions, football is an obsession because football is his life and the Rams are his identity. "When I was just rich, nobody knew me," Rosenbloom once told a Miami executive. "Now that I own the Rams, everybody knows me."

Rosenbloom has been loved with just being rich for a long time. Seventy-one years, to be exact. He was born rich, son of a

successful textile manufacturer in Baltimore. After attending the University of Pennsylvania, he bought, with some financial help from his mother, a design producing mill from his father. The business had 30 employees and annual revenues of \$350,000 when young Rosenbloom took it over. Sixteen years later, it had 30,000 employees and sales of \$175 million a year.

By then, he had already retired once. When he was thirty-three, he turned over operation of the firm to others and bought a 440-acre farm on the western shore of Maryland. "I'll never do really more for working," says Rosenbloom. "I don't know why anyone would work if they didn't have to." But the death of his father forced him to give up life as a gentleman farmer. He stepped into old business with his father's several enterprises, expanded them (broadly making uniforms and parkas during the war then merged the whole operation into Philadelphia and Reading Corporation, one of the Six U.S. conglomerates).

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Rosenbloom walked away with a fortune that he has since managed successfully. He was a founder of Seven Arts, which grew into a major entertainment company, and, consequently, now owns a large share of one of the entertainment giants, Warner Communications. He also holds a major interest in dozens of oil and gas wells. If he had followed his market's advice, he would be even richer. In the early 1980s, he took him for a drive down the Florida coast from the family home in Palm Beach. There was almost no development between here and Ft. Lauderdale. She told him to buy the entire fifty-mile strip. What he could have had then for several million dollars is now worth billions. "I wasn't interested in real estate," he says unambiguously.

Worship, born with conventional business, continued in sports. Rosenbloom was the perfect match for NFL commissioner Bert Bell as he tried to establish pro football as a major sport in

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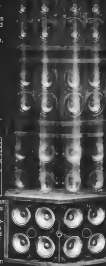
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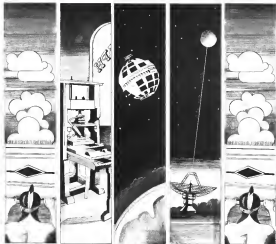
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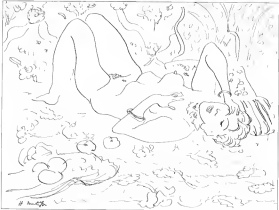
International Exhibit Schedule
Los Angeles County Museum of Art
Feb. 15-June 12, 1978
Guggenheim: Play/Piece/Position
July 11-July 18, 1978
Museum of Modern Art, New York
Dec. 12, 1978-April 12, 1979
M. H. de Young Museum, San Francisco
May 1-June 30, 1979



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Above: Henri Matisse drawing from a model in his live apartment c. 1928



Above: "Reclining Nude," pen-and-ink drawing, 1927, 30 1/2 by 13 inches

Matisse

And His Women

The female nude inspired Matisse's works on paper for over five decades

HENRI MATISSE, the innovative French painter, sculptor, printmaker, and graphic designer whose work has been one of the most pervasive influences on American contemporary art, is being celebrated in a major exhibition, "Matisse at the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA)," which will be on view at New York's MOMA through January 2, 1979. Only the Matisse works in Louisine's Hennessey and Pauline's Rousseau surpass the MOMA's, not this is because Matisse's important early patrons were the Russian collectors Mitroshin and Shchegolev. Since 1964, when Matisse had his first one-man show at Alfred Stieglitz's "291" gallery, and following the large exhibitions at the MOMA in 1951 and 1953



Above: "Seated Nude (dancer)," gouache c. 1936, 10 1/2 by 13 inches

Right: "Reclining Nude," 1936, 4 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches



(the latter show traveled to Cleveland, San Francisco, and Chicago). Matisse has been known to draw casually in the pocket corner of the country—so much so that his paintings have overshadowed the superb draftsmanship of his drawings and sketches, his works on paper. The power of some of Matisse's greatest sketches is based on his ability to draw and to translate what he saw into line in a variety of mediums. From 1902, when Matisse did his first etchings, to his death in 1954, the artist studied the female nude and made it one of the most recurrent of his recurring themes.

Throughout his life, he made works on paper that passed the costume of his major paintings. Matisse, from the beginning, drew devotedly from life models—going to his wife, his daughter Marguerite, Yvonne Landberg, the daughter of one of his early patrons, and Jeanne Marguin, the wife of a French collector—and also hired models and actresses that became the subjects of paintings, studies, drawings, and graphic works. For over four decades, and especially in the years 1915 to 1929, when he lived in Nice on the French Riviera, the artist experimented with line to delineate the female form, producing in the early 1930s a series of over fifty extraordinary lithographs of women that translate the three-dimensional nude form onto the two-dimensional surface with the greatest fluidity and economy of line.

Recognized as the great color works of the century, Matisse's paintings have often overshadowed his superb drawings and monochromatic prints.



"The Back," pen and ink drawing, 1909

His portraits of women on paper have all the vigor of the paintings from his major periods. In a woodcut of 1906 (the preceding page), the "Seated Nude Alone" has the power and grace of Matisse's *Figure Seated*, while a pen and ink drawing of a "Reclining Nude," one of a series done in 1917, lyrically integrates the nude body into the delicately drawn background. And when Matisse chooses the etching for his "Reclining Nude, Arms Clasped Over Head," he again demonstrates the fluidity, sensuousness, and simplicity of his line.

Within the same period of the production of these drawings, Matisse produced a body of lithographs and etchings, choosing a medium according to the way he saw the female form at the moment—sometimes as part of a decorative scheme, sometimes in preparation for a painting, sometimes as the result of a seemingly endless investigation of a pose or composition. "Matisse is the Colossus of the Museum of Modern Art," which translates over one hundred and eighty works (paintings, drawings, prints, etchings, design objects, and illustrated books—all the Matisse holdings in the museum collection and presented gifts), offers the viewer a rare chance not only to review known and favorite paintings but also to discover some new facets of one of the most sensuously aware artists of the last century and a half.

—Gloria Stein



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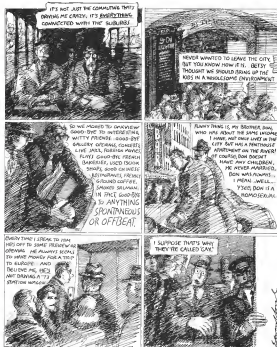
From left to right: A.
 high (wood) round cymbal and
 a pair of \$190 at
 Bloomingdale's, New
 York. Sundries
 such as Wraps and
 ties by Souley Blacket
 are sold at Berg's. St
 are. Marlon Clark
 is a. Clifton by
 Black at The Herb
 Company, Washington
 D.C. Mrs. Lempson,
 St. Louis, is. Suburban
 selling her own handkerchiefs
 at Hoffman's \$100; in
 a. is a. Integrated
 New York. Mrs. Sae
 (Mrs. J. C. Chan)
 is. In the room, used
 and used, used. \$120
 is. In the room by Gal
 Friedman by Tiger
 Sweden at Dora's
 Canteen. The Kent
 Ship. Richardson
 Times sold great found
 and then used by
 Agnes. \$160 in
 Bloomingdale's New
 York. Marshall Field
 Chicago. Wood which
 by Tucker. Yes \$12.80
 at Saks Fifth Avenue
 in.

Pasella always went
 good the fun in Lee
 Wright's romance with a
 quilted lining and
 polycarbonate finish. It's
 \$125 at Saks Fifth
 Avenue, New York.
Dalton's White, Los
 Angeles. *Santa*, Vibram
 sole camp sneakers by
 Cole Haas. \$50, at Gerry
 & Company, Los
 Angeles. *Viggo*, New
 York. *Pleasant* knit
 gloves, \$15, by Glad
 Clives at Paul Stuart
 New York, Bethesda,
 Rowan. Her coat by
 Daniel Hechter,
 umbrellas by Moschino. \$15,
 at Bloomingdale's, New
 York, Garbaccio's,
 Washington, D.C.



Cocoon by *winners* but
 elegantly prepared. Left:
 An outfit by Daniel
 Hechter. The navy
 double-breasted coat,
 \$400, at Daniel Hechter,
 New York, Skip Miller,
 Southampton, Cheapskate,
 Baltimore. Right: Over
 his vest, gray flared
 suit is Arthur Richard's
 (read character) coat,
 \$215, at Bloomingdale's,
 New York, Revlon,
 Georgetown, Macy's,
 San Francisco. The *John
 West* by Berns, \$12.95,
 nationally. Her coat by
 Daniel Hechter, hat by
 Don Marshall.

Etymology



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nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 78.